1 CUPID'S CABINET UNLOCK'T; or Odes, Epigrams, Songs, Sonnets, Poesies, &c. By W. Shakespear; thick 12mo, calf, gilt lettered, £5 5s. *n. d.*

Though this very curious volume is imperfect, some leaves being wanting, yet it is a book which must be regarded with considerable interest by every intelligent collector of Shakespearean rarities, inasmuch as NO OTHER COPY IS KNOWN. It bears no publisher's name, place, nor date; but from the general appearance of its type, the lines round the letter-press, and some other circumstances, it is probable that it was published about 1645, by Humphrey Moseley, bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard, who, sometime before the year 1653, printed an edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, in octavo. In 1660, he entered in the Stationers' Hall Book, three plays "by William Shakespeare," *viz.*, *King Stephen*, *Duke Humphrey*, *and Iphis*. The present unique work is in every respect interesting and curious.

G.176.62

# *Cupids Cabinet Unlock't,*

OR,

## *THE NEW ACCADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS.*

Odes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonnets, Poesies, Presentations, Congratulations, Ejaculations, Rhapsodies, *&c.*

*With other various fancies.*

Created partly for the delight, but chiefly for the use of all Ladies, Gentlemen, and Strangers, who affect to speak Elegantly, or write Queintly.

*By W. Shakespear.*

15169
May 1873

# A SONNET.

## *Inviting to ſome pleaſant walk.*

1.

COme away bleſt Souls, no more
Feed your eyes with what is poor,
'Tis enough that you have bleſt
What was rude, what was undreſt,
And created with your eyes
Out of *Chaos* Paradiſe.

2.

Theſe Trees, no golden Apples give,
Here's no *Adam*, here's no *Eve*,
Not a Serpent dares appear
While you pleaſe to tarry here.
Oh! then ſit, and take your due,
Thoſe the firſt fruits are that grew
In this *Eden*, and are thrown
On this Altar as your own.

AN

## *AN EPIGRAM.*

A Wonderful ſcarcity will ſhortly enſue
Of Butchers, of Bakers, and all ſuch as brue.
Of Tanners, of Taylers, of Smiths, and the reſt
Of all occupations, that can be expreſs'd,
In the year of our Lord, ſeven hundred and ten
I think, for all theſe will be Gentlemen.

---

## *A CHARM,*
To expel Melancholy.

HEnce loathed Melancholly
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt midnight born
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
In the Stygian Cave forlorn
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where the night Raven ſings
And brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings
There, (ragged as thy locks)
Under thoſe Ebon ſhades, and low brow'd Rocks

In

In dark Cimmerian ſhades for ever dwell.

---

### *The Souldiers Song.*

COme let the ſtate ſtay,
and drink away,
There is no buſineſs above it,
It warms the cold brain,
Makes us ſpeak in high ſtrain,
Hee's a fool that does not approve it.
The Macedon youth
Left behind this truth,
That nothing is done, with much thinking:
He drunk, and he fought
Till he had what he ſought;
The World was his own by good drinking.

---

### *AN EPIGRAM.*

*Ariola* hath a ſpot upon her face,
Mixt with ſweet beauty, adding to her grace,
By what ſweet influence, it was begot
I know not, but it is a ſpotleſs ſpot.

*De*

*De eadem.*

As with freſh meat, mixture of Salt is meet,
And Vinegar doth reliſh well the ſweet,
So in fair faces moulds ſometime ariſe,
Which ſerve to ſtay the ſurfet of our eyes.

---

*A Song.*

O'Re the ſmooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of ſtep hath been,
Follow me as I ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring.
Under the ſhady roof
Of branching Elm, ſtarre-proof,
Follow me
Ile bring you were * *Clariſſa* ſits
Clad in ſplendor as befits
Her Diety.
Such a Rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not ſeen.

* *A feigned name given by the Author to his Miſtreſs.*

---

*AN EPIGRAM.*

WIſe is that fool, that hath his Coffers full,
And riches free'd, adorn the veríeſt gull,

Yet

Yet, but uncaſe the Aſs, and you ſhall ſee,
An Aſs is ſtill an Aſs, and ſo is he.

---

## *OBIT-TEARS,*

*Or an Elegy on the dead, and may be uſed upon the deceaſe of any one.*

TEars I do ſhed, yet are they ſhed in vain,
Nor can they call him back, to life again.
Yet ſigh I will, to wake him from his ſleep,
Thus while he ſleeps in Earth, on Earth Ile weep.
And, ſince the World by fire will not be gone,
Drown't in a fearful Inundation.

---

*The ancients allotted every River its peculiar Diety, the fancy whereof ſo far tranſported the Author, that to one of thoſe (ſuppoſed) powers, he thus adventured.*

LIſten, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By Tethys grave majeſtick pace,
And earth-ſhaking Neptune's mace.

By

By the Caarpathian wisards hook,
And hoary Nereus wrink'led look,
By Lucotheas lovely hands,
And her Son that rules the strands,
By old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,
By Scaly Tritons winding shell,
By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of Syrens sweet,
By fair Ligeas golden comb
By dead Parthenopes dear Tomb,
By all the Nymph's that nightly dance
Upon thy stream, with wily glance:
Rise, rise, and heave thy Rosie-head
From thy coral-pav'n bed.

## *AN EPIGRAM.*

*Faustus* is sick of seven, which deadly be,
And yet not like to dye, for ought I see,
He hath the foggy sin, of Ale, and Cakes,
He hath the sin of Lace, and fustniapes,
He hath the seeing sin, the hearts great'st woe,
And yet he hath the sin of winking too,
He hath the Sparrows sin, and these which follow:

He

He hath, he hath the red ſin, and the yellow.

## *Five* LYRICK PIECES,

*Dedicated, by the Author, to the truly fair, and noble Miſtreſs,* E. C.

1.

I Can no longer (ſweet) forbear
Since, now, your caution is my fear,
And the wrinkles, on your brow
(More white then Pelops ſhoulder) plow
Large furrows, on my panting heart;
Cupids ſledge, not Cupids Dart
Hath bruiz'd, not pierc'd it; why ſhould I
Alone, in ſilence pine, and dy?
And not as others, find a vent?
Winds earth-quakes cauſe, when they are pent
In hollow Grots, but gently ſail
With a ſmooth, and eaſie gale,
When their Parents ſign'd to blow,
When, and where they liſt to go.

2.

Sall I impeach my ſelf, and ſay,
I have deſerv'd this dire delay,

And

And that your frowns I merit more
Then all your favours heretofore.
Shall I divulge the truth, and tell
I am (in Love) an infidel?
Nature in giving form to thee,
Exhausted all her treasury.
He then that doth not idolize
Her Master-piece, and sacrifice
Devoutly to it, needs must be
A wretch, prophane, and I am he.
My error's found, and now command
My penance, what comes from your hand,
I shall with a religious awe,
Accept, and make your will my Law.
Pronounce it Lady, let your threat
Be, as my *quondam* crime was, great.

3.

Now purg'd by bless'd, and holy fire
Let me, triumphant, strike my Lyre,
And sing her praises, who doth deign
To be my Goddess once again,
And let my piercing numbers move,
As Orpheus er'st, the shady grove
Of *Ossa*, and allure each stone,
As once the Harp of *Amphion*,
Like him of *Sulmo*, let me sing
And gently strike *Catullus* string,

Or

give me *Flaccus* heavenly note,
hat I may like ſome Cherub vote,
ark Goddeſs, thus doth *Clio* ſing
choed from *Parnaſſus* ſpring.

4.

What th'antick Bards fabled of old,
thee a real truth will hold,
*yperion* ſhines. more often then
e would, upon the race of men,
o gaze on thy bright beauty; thee
e hath deſign'd his Lawrel Tree,
nd *Iove* with horn's would crown his ſcull
nce more, ſave that thou hat'ſt a Bull:
*acchus* hath often fed thy taſte
s (ſhe, ſo many ages paſt)
air hair'd *Erigone*, and ſwears
hou art the ſweeteſt of thy years,
*aturnus* ſiſter, *Pallas*, ſhe
hat took conception of the Sea,
triving for *Ates* gift, had loſt
hat which, *Dardania*, dearly coſt,
adſt thou thy ſelf to *Paris* ſhown,
he Apple [ſure] had been thy own
ivineſt beauty, fairer fair
hen ſhe *Thyoneus* made a ſtar.

Men ſay three Graces, but thy worth
Doth canonize thee for a fourth:
So ſweet thy look, ſo grave thy gate
Such luſter (ne'r, yet pointed at
By Petrachs pen) doth richly flow,
Only an Angels pen can ſhow
Its perfect eſſence, how can I
Give thy excentrick entity.

5.

Come then (my deareſt, let's combine
As the ſtrong Oak, and creeping Vine,
And mix in an alternate war,
[And happy ill, a peaceful jar]
While we in bickering do conſent
Our skirmige ſhall be incruent;
And when w'ar marry'd, wee'l compare
Our mouths, and thence fetch freſher air.
Throw by thy veſtments then, and ſhow,
My eyes, a walking hill of ſnow.
Oh, how my raviſh'd ſenſe doth glory
To ſleep on ſuch a promontory,
Now while our pleaſant toyl we ply,
Heark, how the ſphears in harmony
Do meet, Neptune forgets to roar,
The *Syrens* ſport upon the ſhore.
Nature her ſelf doth ſmile, and all
Creatures (ſave thoſe irrational)

In

In imitation of our loves
Practice the Complement of Doves
This pleasant juncture (from on hie)
Another age doth typifie,
Which shall be truly stil'd of Gold,
When Love shall not be bought, or sold.

## *A LETTER.*

*Dearest Lady,*

SInce 'tis my fate to be thy slave,
Render such pity thou would'st crave,
If 'twere thy fortune so to be
To him, that Courts his destiny,
My moans sufficient were to melt
A flinty heart, who Love ne'r felt,
Yet all those tears do prove in vain,
To quench my scorcing Love-sick pain,
'Twas those Magnetick eyes that drew
My heart from me at the first view,
If then to Love, thou were't the womb
That gave it life, be not the Tomb.
If thou bee'st pleas'd, exile delay
Dangers attend a tedious way;
Few are the words, that may combine
Our hearts, 'tis only say, th'art mine,

But if another hath poſſeſt
Thoſe joys, that ſhould have made me
bleſt,
Be ſpeedy in thy doom, and I
By death am freed from miſery.

*Yours, and not his own*

K. D.

---

## SONG

In parts

*GALFREDO, LUCINDA.*

*GALFREDO.*

DIdſt thou not once, *Lucinda*, vow
For to love none but me.

*LUSINDA.*

I, But my Mother tells me now,
I muſt love wealth, not thee.

*GALFREDO.*

'Tis not my fault, my flocks are lean,
Or that they are ſo few.

*LU-*

*LUSINDA.*

Nor mine, I cannot love so mean,
So poor a thing as you.

*GALFREDO.*

But I must love thee, now believe,
I'le seale it with a kiss.

*LUSINDA.*

Ile give thee no more cause to grieve,
Than what thou find'st in this.

*GALFREDO.*

Then witness all you powers above,
And by these holy bands.

*LUSINDA.*

Let it appear, the truest Love
Comes not through wealth, or Lands.

# The ſearch.

## AN ODE.

1.

ECho, ſweeteſt Nymph, that liv'ſt unſeen,
Within thy airie cell,
By ſlow Meanders margent green
And in the violet imbroider'd vail,
Where the Love-lorn Nightingale,
Nightly to thee her raviſhment doth tell.

2.

Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are,
Oh, if thou have
Hid them in ſome flowry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of parly, daughter of the ſphear.
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the skies,
And give reſound to heavenly harmonies.

## *AN EPIGRAM.*

ULysses, having scap'd the Ocean flood,
Twice ten years pilgrimage in forraign Lands,
And the sweet songs of *Syrens*, tun'd to blood,
And *Cyclops* jaws, and *Circes* charming hands
Comes home, and seeming safe as he mistakes
He steps awry, and falls into a Jakes.

## A SONG.

1.

POx take you Mistress, Ile be gone,
I have a friend to wait upon,
Think you Ile my self confine
To your humours, Lady mine,
No your lowring seems to say,
'Tis a rainy drinking day:
To the Tavern Ile away.

2.

There have I a Mistress got
Cloyster'd in a pottle pot

Brisk, and sprightly, as your eyes,
When those richer glances flies,
Plump, and, bounding lovely fair,
Bucksome, lively, debonair.
*And shee's called, Sack my dear.*

3.

Sack's my better Mistress far,
Sack's my only beauties star.
She with no disdain will blast me,
Yet upon the bed shee'l cast me,——
And the truth of her to say,
Spirits in me shee'l convey,
More then thou canst take away.

4.

Yet, if thou wil't take the pain
To be good, but once again,
Do but smile, and call me back,
And thou shalt be that Lady, Sack,
Faith, but trie, and thou shalt see
What a loving Soul I'le be,
While I'me drunk, with nought but thee.

## MAY MORNING.

NOw the bright morning ſtar, days harbinger,
Comes dauncing from the East, and leads with her
The flowry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowſlip, and the pale Primroſe,
Hail bonnteous May, that doſt inſpire
Mirth, and youth, and warm deſire,
Woods, and Groves, are of thy dreſſing,
Hill, and Dale, doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee, with our early ſong,
And ſinging welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

## *A LETTER.*

SWeeteſt, thy name to me doth promiſe much,
Oh, that thy nature alſo were but ſuch
But whence (alas) the difference doth grow,
Is hid from me, nor can I come to know

Unto thy excellent, and soveraign beauty
I'm bound, in all the bonds of love, and
duty,
I that till now, could never learn to know,
Whether that Love were seated high, or
low.
I, that as yet, did never know loves law,
Nor ere was loving longer then I saw,
I that have never known (what now is
common)
Or to throw handsom sheeps eyes at a
woman,
I that as yet, have never broke my sleep,
Nor ever did surmise, what charms did keep
Lovers eyes open, now too well can tell
Those things, that (sure) would please a
Lover well.
Shall I relate it to thee? yes I will,
And being told, do thou, or save, or kill,
It would be his chief glory, if he might
Be ever resident in's Mistress sight,
'Twould please him greatly (sure) to have
the hap
For to repose himself, in's Mistress lap,
Or else to have his Mistress, (kind, and
fair)
With her white hand, to stroke his Amber
hair,

Or

Or elſe to play at foot-it, awhile with him,
Or elſe to play at Barly-break, to breath him,
Or with him for to walk, a turn, or two,
Or elſe him for to kiſs, to call, or woe,
Or entring into ſome retired Grove,
Beneath ſome pleaſant ſhade, to talk of love,
Or when hee's ſure, there are no jealous ſpies
To clip her, and look Babies in her eyes,
Or when that action doth begin to fail
For to ſupply it, with a pleaſing tale,
How *Venus* was, unto lame *Vulcan* wed,
And yet how *Mars*, got into *Vulcans* bed.
And while that he, and ſhe, did make but one,
Poor *Vulcan*, was conſtrain'd to lie alone,
Or if this cannot joy enough afford,
It will be well, for to obſerve each bird,
How choicely ſhe doth ſingle out her mate,
And unto none, but him her ſelf doth take,
To mark their ſportive billing, each with other,
Their Love, and dalliance pronounc'd to-ther,
Or if this chance for to yield no content,
Then to reſort, unto each pleaſant plant,

Which,

Which, by the Artiſt grafted skilfully,
Doth bring forth fruit, the more abundantly,
But to conclude, 't would pleaſe him beſt (with me)
Himſelf, and Miſtreſs, in one bed to ſee.

*Lady, the humbleſt, and faithfulleſt of your ſervants*

R. S.

---

## PRESENTATIONS

### Of Gifts, Or Love tokens.

*The Preſentation of a pair of Gloves.*

HOw happy are theſe skin's, that licence have
To kiſs thoſe hands, and fold thoſe fingers brave,
Which to ſalute, even Jove himſelf deſires,
Longing with ſuch warm ſnow, to coole his fires,

Theſe

Theſe are too trivial ornaments, to ſhrowd
Thoſe hands, ore which a bright refulgent cloud
Thrown, from the clear reflection of your eyes,
(The which the Sun, and Moon, do equallize)
Ever adorns, and obvious to the view
To *Juno's* anger, and *Minerva's* too.
Vouchſafe (dear Saint) what time you draw on theſe,
To think upon the dire perplexities
Your votary endures, and now at laſt
*As theſe do clip your hands, let him your waſte.*

---

*The preſentation of a paire of Knives.*

THeſe (deareſt Miſtreſs) like your beauty are,
Th'are bright, and ſharp, and cut moſt ſingular.
As doth your beauty, ſo they'l clearly ſhave
Any poor heart, that's deſtin'd for your ſlave,

When

When these you draw, think on those cutting woes,
Those pangs, those dolours, those vexatious throes
My mind endures for your neglect, and say,
Th'art welcome now, for thou hast cut thy way.

## *The presentation of a pair of Bracelets.*

HAd it been possible, in power of Art,
Tears (the salt issue of a grieved heart)
So to cement, and harden that with ease,
They kindly might associate, as do these;
Mistress I could have spared, at cheap rate
Enough, for to have bought an *Indians* fate;
So often have the *Lymbecks*, of my eyes
Condol'd, in briny drops, your cruelties
These, for your use, were plunder'd from the Sea,
Where they were guarded by *Lucothoe*,
She to *Ulysses*, prov'd most kind, and I
Hope some hid vertue in these stones doth lie
Infus'd by her, Oh, now no longer check
My hopes, as these about your snowy neck
Have

Have place, so be you pleas'd at length (dear Saint) –
My Arms with the same office to acquaint.

*A perswasion to Love.*

THe deeper (Mistress) that your Love is set,
The more form, and impression it will get;
And bring forth riper fruits, then such as grow,
And fooliſhly are planted scarce so low.
If you please to command me, what I seem
By this stamp't word *Impression*, for to mean?
Ile tell you (Lady) only such as these
Impressions have; and still can women please.
Coyn, only for its stamps sake we allow,
And that same evidence is weak you know
And faulty (sure) that hath no seal to show
Stamp, or Impression, and even such I ken
Are all your Sex, until th'are stampt by men.

Weak,

Weak, weak you are, Heaven knows, for why? you take
Your chief perfections from the man you make,
Then Lady, if you have desire to be
Perfect, you needs must have recourse to me,
Or to some other, that will freely give
The same our Father *Adam* gave to *Eve*.
Alas, 'tis nothing, pray you (Mistress) take it,
There's many wish it, that seem to forsake it,
And when the shameful dance is past and done,
They much do wish, they had the same begun
A score of year's, before at first they learn't it.
And now with any cost, they'l gladly earn it.

*The presentation of a Muffe.*

THis is no * *ERMINS* skin, though I
Could wish no worse obscurity
Clouded your radiant hands, but this
Next unto that the costliest is,

* *Skins of the greatest price, and only worn by Kings.*

Such

Such as the nobleſt *Ruſſian* Dame
On gawdy days, is proud to claim.
*Sol* now, in other parts doth raign
Boets (in his frozen wain)
His Viceroy is, *Hyems* doth find
Conjunction with the bleak North wind,
By aid of this (dear Saint) you may
Deride the fury of the day,
When you ſhall deign this fur to wear,
Oh! think what mighty power you bear
Over my ſenſes, ſometimes chill,
And ſometime warm, as fear doth fill
My heart, or joy raviſh my mind
In hope, you yet may prove more kind.

## *AN ODE CONGRATULATORY.*

BLeſſed be this pair
On the earth, in the air.
Bleſſed in their laſting joys,
Bleſſed in their Girles, and boys,
Let them live to hear it told
Their great Grand-Children are grown old,
Let her beauty ever laſt,
And her vigour never waſt,

Let

Let the Sea, that bounds these Isles
Ebb, at least ten thousand miles,
And return no more, but leave
New Kingdoms for them to bequeath,
Let their bodies not be found,
Dwelling in the sluttish ground.
But translated to those Thrones
Only built for blessed ones.

## *AN EPIGRAM.*

*Sillius* hath brought from strange, and forreign Lands,
A black, and *Scotia* wench, with many hands,
The which (say some) in golden Letters say,
She is his dearest wife, not stoln away,
He might have sav'd (Heaven knows) with small discretion
The Paper, and the Ink, and his confession;
For none, that doth behold her face, and making
Will judge she ere was stoln, but by mistaking.

*SON-*

## *SONNET.*

ADieu ſweet *Delia*, for I muſt depart,
And leave thy ſight, and with thy ſight all joy
Convoy'd with care, attend'd with annoy,
A vagabonding wretch from part to part.

Only dear *Delia*, grant me ſo much grace,
As to vouchſafe this heart, diſtraught with ſorrow,
To attend upon thy ſhadow, even, and morrow,
Whoſe wonted pleaſure was to view thy face.

And if ſometimes, thou penſive do remain,
And for thy deareſt dear, a ſigh let'ſt ſlide,
This poor attendant ſitting by thy ſide,
Shall be thy Eccho, to reply again.

Then farewel *Delia*, for I muſt away,
But to attend thee, my poor heart ſhall ſtay.

## *A TALE.*

A Man there was, who liv'd a merry life,
Till in the end, he took him to a wife,
One that no image was (for she could speak),
And now and than her husbands costrel break.
So fierce she was, and furious as in sum,
She was an arrant Devil of her tongue.
This drove the poor man to a discontent,
And oft, and many times did he repent,
That e're he chang'd his former quiet state,
But 'las, repentance them did come too late,
No cure he finds, to heal this mallady,
But makes a vertue of necessity,
The common cure for care to every man,
A pot of nappy Ale, where he began
To fortifie his brains, 'gainst all should come,
'Mongst which, the clamour of his wives low'd tongue,
This habit grafted in him, grew so strong,
That when he was from Ale, an houre seem'd long,

So

So well he liked th' profeſſion, on a time
Having ſtaid long at pot (for rule nor line
Limits no drunkard) even from morn to night,
He haſted home apace, by the Moon light,
Where as he went, what phantaſies were bred
I do not know, in his diſtempered head,
But a ſtrange Ghoſt appear'd (and forc'd him ſtay)
With which perplext, he thus began to ſay,
Good ſpirit if thou be, I need no charm,
For well I know, thou wilt not do me harm,
Or if the Devil, ſure, me thou ſhould'ſt not hurt,
I wedd thy Siſter, I am plagued for't
The ſpirit well approving what he ſaid,
Diſſolv'd to air, and quickly vaniſhed.

## *A pleaſant Song,*

1.

WHen Autumn diſroabed the woods of their leaves,
And provident *Ceres*, had got in her ſheaves,

When

When Acorns were fallen,
And Shrubs were grown dead,
Then frosty old *Hyems*, with *Flora* would wed.

2.

A rotten old Rustick, with hobnailes in's shoes,
With cobled old Rethorick, a Virgin he woes;
Yea, vertue proves venial,
And beauty is sold,
And *Mopsus* get his *Misa*, with *Plutho*'s gold.

3.

Since lovely *Corinna*, so peerless a Gem,
Must match with a block, and so sapless a stem,
Let *Daphne* bewail it,
And *Cynthia* mourn.
And all the Nymphs mirth, into heavinesse turn.

4.

*Diana* the loss of her Nymph doth deplore,
And

nd vows him *Actæons* bad fortune, and more.
A Bull Jove will make him,
And so he doth vow,
His wife he will turn into *JO* the Cow.

5.

Like *Venus* to *Vulcan*, so chaste let her prove,
As constant and quiet, as *Juno* to *Jove*,
As kind as *Zantippe*
To *Socrates* was.
So let this rude *Coridon* find his sweet Lass.

## *POESIES* for *RINGS.*

MAy no annoy
Disturb our joy.

*Another.*

Suspition fly
And jealousie.

*Another.*

We joyntly both
Have plighted troth.

*Another.*

Where's Love, there's bliſs;
Where's hate, there's diſs.

*Another.*

Our loyal Love
Was made above.

*Another.*

No ill ſhall ſpot
Our Gordian knot.

*Another.*

Our hands have given
Our hearts to Heaven.

*Another.*

Thou art my ſtar,
Be not irregular.

*Another.*

What can outvy
Our Harmony?

*These times in* London.

COoks are the under men of trade,
Within whose Hall a Law is made,
That every Spring, each Citizen
Shall march, to bring the Cuckoe in,
Every Constable ha's a claw,
A head of Bat, and brain of Daw,
And as wise as these you will
Know the watch-men by their Bill,
Who take no wandring Owles by night,
But they convey them to the Kite,
Who keeps the compter, where together
They laugh, and drink, and molt their feather,
If for the Church you look (sad age)
You'l find the Clergie in a Cage,
Faith and Religion declines,
When good wits are no more Divines,
For Lapwings every where you see
Perch, and Preach Divinity,
Who sing, though every Soul be vext,
Here 'tis, when farthest from their Text,
And no reward for prose, or verse,
The Scholars are turn'd wood-peckers.

## THE ART OF COMPLEMENTING.

*The Husband perceiving his wife to be diffident of his fidelity, and being desirous to preserve her in a good opinion of him, may thus manifest his integrity by Letter.*

*Dearest*,

CAn you think that your beauty is so slightly imprinted in the memory of my affection, that any other womans can raze thence the obliged respects I bear to you. Alas, (by so conceiting) you wrong both your self and me, your self, because your merits are such, that not only *C. D.* but all the fair ones that are in the world cannot merit what you alone deserve; and me, because this suspicion of yours loads me with infidelity and ignorance, there is no choice without some kind of equality, how then can I make choice of any other, being so near you, without discovering gross stupidity and weakness; or admitting, I were ten thousand leagues off, do you hold

me

me to be so freed from the Obligation of your Love, as that any other object can allure me; rest confident, you alone have my heart, and shall ever be Mistress thereof.

*Since I am Yours, and none but yours, in the highest affection,*

E. S.

---

*A Lover languishing under the Torrid Zone of his Mistress burning beauty, and being no longer able to Salamandrize in those flames, thus solicits for a cooler.*

*Beauteous Madam,*

I Believe you will account me very rash, in acquainting you thus with my thoughts, but when you shall consider your own power, and my weakness, without question you will hold me excused, and say, that I have reason being sick to seek for recovery, which is in your hands, for the content of my life depends upon your favour; do not I beseech you, refuse it to the passion of a Lover,

who never knew what it was to sigh, but for you, nor desires any greater felicity in the world, then the honour of your service, your eyes, in which shine so much beauty, promise me no less, make not them then the authors of my despair, as they have been of my captivity, but let your sense of my suffering give me cause to bless my good fortune, since I wish not a condition more happy, or eminent then to be

*Your humble servant obsequiously devoted*

G. W.

## *JULIO.*

THe favour (fair Lady) that I receive from you is of it self too great to be merited; yet wonder I not thereat, knowing that as heaven extends not its liberality to us according to our dignity, but conformable to its own benignity, so cannot that Divine beauty of yours chuse, but participate of the self-

self-same nature, which if when unimployed it excel the loftiest imaginations, will no doubt, when it is well imployed surpass all humane merit, both courtesie and beauty in you with equal pace march on to the Bower of bliss, so that I am too weak sighted to behold the shining splendor of the one, or the glittering rays of the other, nor can I possibly correspond with any parity an imparity so discorrespondent, yet will I not forbear to acknowledge meerly out of my being sensible of the greatness of your merits, how deeply I am engaged unto you, to the end you may both know me to be yours, and withal, (so you be pleased so much to honour me) declare me, being such, for your only servant.

*EMILLIA.*

*SIR*, The freeness of your speech speaks you more confident then conscientious, in respect whereof I must proclaim the offence you have given me, yet I judge you worthy both of excuse and pardon, you must know Sir, that wives in this Countrey of *England* have ever been subject to Laws, not common, though their Husbands

(till a late happy Act of Parliament gave limits to their riots) ever lived after the particular Laws of their own passionate unjust wills, for my part (Sir) I am a married woman, and though living in a Countrey (formerly) famous for being favourable to women, yet with a Husband disfavourable to a wife, his age, and my youth, his jealousie, and my honesty, your thus entertaining me therefore with private conference, is so far from benefitting me that on the contrary it would much prejudice me, if any body saw you here with me.

*JULIO.*

The Heavens forbid (Madam) that I who was born to serve you, should ever be the occasion of your least discontent: the duty of a Gentleman (to all Ladies) is not only to ease them, but rid them from all misery, nor can I endure that you, who are so deserving, should be so unworthily dealt withal, whil'st *Cupid* commands me more then any other to procure your content; it was no vulgar fortune (sweetest Madam) that first gave me a sight of your Divine person, but that eternal moderatrix,

trix, to the end I might intranchise you from servile bondage, nature hath made me a man to attempt it, and love an Orator to crave it at the hands of your promising goodness, let not your Husbands jealousie any whit dismay, for I will both protect you against him, and all the world, yet if you will neither credit, nor favour me for the present, I begg of you to suspend your judgment till such time as being ascertained, both of my quality and affection, you may be pleased by accepting my service to favour my desires.

*EMILLIA.*

Sir, you must not have a thought tending to my Husbands affront, or detriment, much less to my fame and honour; However, I shall esteem my self obliged to you for your courteous propofals. Sir, your honourer.

*JULIO.*

I'le take my leave within (Lady) nay, you must not deny me so poor a favour.

*A Batchelour, or Widower, being in Love with a Gentlewoman addicted to pleasure, &c. may thus manifest his mind unto her by Letter.*

*Bright Mistress,*

HOw long think you I can vie,
And strug'le with my destinie,
Your eyes first wounded me, and those
Are only Balm, the wound to close,
As was *Pelides* spear to men,
That having kill'd could cure agen,
Consider (sweet) your face must fade,
And you'l no longer be obey'd,
Then while your *Roseat* hew shall tell,
Your beauty hath no parallel,
You sport away your time with many,
Yet not truly lov'd of any.
Alas, those *Persians* ever run,
For to adore the rising Sun,
But when he's in Eclipse, orespread
With Clouds and Mists inveloped,
They know no diety, when your brow
Shall be laid fallow by Times plow,
These Butterflies will cease to flie,
And buz about your front and eye,
Hark, Hymen waft's you to his lure,
O be no longer (sweet) obdure,

In

In Wedlock wassals let us mix,
I hate to make you Meretrix,

*Your humble servant*

T. P.

## *ANGELLICA.*

I See then (*Sir*) that you will go and leave me behind you, who wanting your presence shall be destitute, both of heart and Soul, it will be impossible for me to live, being separated from you, or if any thing keep me alive, it must be the hope of seeing you again shortly, I am sorry my Love hath so small interest in you, as that other considerations exceed it, they have not such force on me, whom if you will permit to go along with you (as by our mutual affection I conjure you I may) no less (though it be the heaviest any imagination can possibly conceive) shall taste bitter to my pallate, if it be but sugar'd with the unexpressable sweetness of your company.

*LUSIO.*

I part hence (dear directeſs of my deſtiny) 'tis true, but not ſo, as not to have you continually with me, the tempeſt of my travels ſhall ever have repoſe in the pleaſant calm of your dear memory, the only Soveraign Cordial to my misfortunes, which without it would ſink me into the gulfs of an unmedicable deſpair; as for my Love I cannot imagine how you can in the leaſt manner doubt of it, or how can you but imagine, that I can prefer any neceſſity, how urgent ſoever before that of enjoying your preſence, ſince it is in you only that I both joy and live.

*ANGELICA.*

Yet I hope then I may have the happineſs to accompany you to *Graveſend*, to weep a tear, or two at parting, and have this poor comfort perman nt in my breaſt, That though your perſon be excommunicated from my eyes, I may ſometimes kiſs your

Let-

Letters, and Complement with your picture, till the happy time arive, that your return shall put a period to my affliction.

## LVSIO.

These doleful accents (dearest) do but add weight to my burthen; consider that it is the will of Heaven, and that we are not the first Lovers, who have been unfortunate in this kind, you may see me on ship-board.

*A Gentleman, having received many great and unexpected favours from one, whom he accidentally met with, may thus express his gratitude in a Complemental Epistle.*

*Noble Sir,*

IF you had not so much already obliged to you merits, your last courtesie had bound me to be eternally yours, which act (but for doubt of arrogating too much to my self) I should conceive to be done wholy in favour of me, but be it as it will, it cannot but constrain me to kiss your hands

hands for it, beſeeching you to believe it employed on one that ſhall ſerve you whilſt he breathes, I acknowledge and judge my ſelf over diſcourteous, in concealing ſo much from you (as I have done hitherto) my being, and affairs, but beſeech you to believe, the ſole cauſe thereof was this, that I durſt not tempt your forward goodneſs to a more ample height, then I had ſeen and taſted in ſo many forms before. Sir, I ſhall wait on you to morrow about this time, and am zealouſly ambitious no longer to ſubſiſt with breath, then I ſhall gratefully acknowledge my ſelf.

Noble Sir,
*The humbleſt of your ſervants.*

N. R.

*Two Lovers (having their hearts already united) contrive how to manage busineſſes in reference to their nuptials.*

## A DIALOGUE, Between GODFREDO, and JULIETTA.

### *GODFREDO.*

DEar bliſs of my joys, I beſeech you prevent not the uncertain evil with a certain; what cauſe of fear can you have now *E. G.* is no longer amongſt the living, and ſince we may now ſo behave our ſelves, that the very air cannot ſent our ſecrets.

### *JULIETTA.*

OH, *Godfredo*, you are but young, you, think that *E. G.* is dead (according to the Capt. Narration, who lately came from *B.*) but I cannot perſwade my ſelf, but that he yet lives, the accidents that you ſaw in him were (by what I gather by your deſcribing them) no other then Convulſions, and violent ſtupifying fits, I cannot believe but

but he is by this time come to himself again.

*GODFREDO.*

I cannot deny, but it may be so, though I wish not his death, because he is my rival, yet I should not much lament if the hand of fate should snatch him out of this into the other world, he is the only *Remora* that impedites the fruition of our loves, besides he hath (like a villain) uttered many speeches tending to your disparagement.

*JULIETTA.*

Though for your sake (my dear) I hate all mankind (in the way of attaining my Love) and therefore cannot be well affected to *G. E.* yet I must needs say, his deportment to me hath ever been such, that I cannot but think him more discreet, then to discredit himself in calluminiating me upon bare conjectures, I never did him any injury that I know of, save the deniall of my Love, which nothing in him obliged me to grant.

GOD-

GODFREDO.

To put a period to all these doubts, jealousies and fears, and to make my self uncapable of impoverishment while I am living, and possessed of so rich a Mine of Treasure as your excellent self, we will this day (my dearest) knit the Gordian knot, how do you approve of it dear *Julietta?*

JULIETTA.

I am wholly at your appointment.

---

*An Amorous Epistle.*

*Dear Love,*

PRithee continue nice and chast,
Let cloudy wits unto a period hast,
For if thou yield'st to me thou dost me wrong,
It is my chiefest bliss to woe thee long,
All pain, and joy, I find is in my way,
Although that in themselv's they cannot stay,

The

The things that we do fear bring leſs annoy,
Then fear it ſelf, and hope brings greater joy,
Small favours ever will my prayers increaſe,
(But then prayers, and ſuites will ſoon ſurceaſe)
If that you grant my wiſh, and give me all
For then (Alas) I've made your Godhead fall,
My coming ne're may chance to ſpie ſome ill,
Be ſtill averſe, I ſhall admire thee ſtill,
And now the World is given much to ſcoff,
If thou would'ſt keep my Love then keep me off.

*Your Deities Adorer*

S. H.

*A Gentlewoman; entertaining two Gentlemen at her house, or lodging (the one more affectionately known to her then the other) may thus excuse her self to the second man.*

I Doubt (worthy Sir) you have judged me discourteous, for having (by being so long in presenting my honoured respects to the noble *S. D.*) neglected my observance to you, for which I beseech you to excuse me, and withal to command in this house such entertainment and service as best agrees with the constitution of your mind.

---

*The Lover angry at his Mistresses inexoperable deportment towards him, sends her this invective Epistle.*

*Flinty Mistress,*

WHen by thy scorn, O Murdress I am dead,
Tou think'st th'art free
From perturbations, and from me,
Yet shall my Ghost repair unto thy bed,

Thy

Thy sickly Taper will begin to wink,
And thy false sleep shall from thy senses shrink,
Bath'd in a cold Quick-silver sweat, thou'lt ly,
And seem to sight a verrier Ghost then I,
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that some comfort to thy Soul allow.
Farewell obdurate wretch, or come and see;
How resolutely I can dy for thee.

I. L.

## A SONNET.

HE's frantick sure, that truly says,
That he can love a tedious hour,
I mean not Love in so short sport decays,
But that it can, ten in less space devour,
Who would not laugh at me,
If I should say,
I saw a flash of Powder
Burn a day.

SHE

# SHE WOULD LOVE, AND HE WOULD NOT.

*Or the Woman woes the Man.*

## A DIALOGUE,

Between *SEBASTIANA* and *ROSINDA.*

*SEBASTIANA.*

INcomparable Lady, it lies not in the power of me, your devoted creature to be otherwise then obsequiously devoted unto your will and pleasure, since that two wills are incompatible in one Soul, but must consider, *&c.*

*ROSINDA.*

Oh Sir, I preceive now you are not in Love, for Love is neither scrupulous nor forecasting; Nay, it hazards all, and is uncapable of other consideration then of it self; you doubt the force of your rival, I, *D.* or the fury of my Father and friends, can you be so Hen-hearted, you must be resolute (man) if you will favour with Captain

tain Cupid, who constantly cashiers all cowards, but bestows great rewards on those that dare maintain a stout skirmish.

*SEBASTIANO.*

A *French* skirmish you mean, where the onset is hot and fiery, but the retreat cool and tame.

*ROSINDA.*

Fy you are obscean, my ears blister to hear you, thou a Gentleman and a Duellist, and yet timerous to encounter with danger (were it never so horrid) for the love of a Lady, if I be not ashamed of thee, may I go to my grave (as I was born) a pure Virgin.

*SEBASTIANO.*

Faith Mistress, though I confess I love you dearer then my own life, yet upon consideration of the several perturbations and disturbances that will inevitably happen; in case we conjoyn, *&c.* I am content to quit all claim, or interest to you and that for mine own safety, and your honour.

*RO-*

ROSINDA.

Farewel thou anxious Ass.

*The Lover being desirous to Complement with his Mistress (well knowing her ingenuity to be excellent, and to be much pleased with witty conceits) sends her this Poetick Epistle.*

*Dear Lady,*

SEnd me some tokens that my hope may live,
Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest,
Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,
That in my passions I may hope the best,
I beg not ribbon'd, wrought with thy own hands
To knit our Loves in the fantastick strain,
Of new touch't youth, nor Ring to shew the stands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plain,
So should our Loves meet in simplicity,
No, nor the Corrals, which thy wrist infold,

Lac'd

Lac'd up together in congruity
To ſhew, our thoughts ſhould reſt in the ſame hold.
No, nor thy picture, though moſt gracious,
And moſt deſired 'cauſe 'tis like thee beſt,
Nor witty lines, which are moſt copious
Within the writings, which thou haſt addreſt.
Send me not this, nor that, t'increaſe my ſcore,
But ſwear thou think'ſt I love thee and no more.

*Deareſt,*
*Your humble admirer*
G. L.

*A Lover, having long been ſociable with her, whom he, &c. and finding no hope to attain his deſires, may put a period to his ſute thus in a Dialogue between* HYPOLYTO *and* DIRCILLA.

DIRCILLA.

YOur words (Sir,) make me now perceive you are not the ſame man you are taken for, ſince you that of a Virgins honour

nour should be a defender, you are the only he that attempts its bane, and that (by undermining it) go about to destroy and ruine it. I am already (before Heaven) a married wife, and you know it too, seeing then you sin not through ignorance, 'tis certain you do it out of malice: what pretence is it (I would fain know) that you have, or can have to me, or seems my behaviour, or fame such in your prejudicating eyes, as can suggest in your undermining heart, so outragious a presumption, or though it were so that you loved me unfeignedly, and that (through my ill fortune) I loved you too, yet what comfort, nay, what hopes of comfort could our desires have, that cannot prove otherwise then treason and shame unto me, and treachery, and reproach unto you. Fortune you see hath disposed me unto another, since then I cannot be yours, you must be content that you cannot be mine.

*HYPOLYTO.*

EXcellent Mistress, as my words aimed no way at your prejudice, so shall my

actions

actions tend ever to your service, I (Mistres) never entertained a thought of motioning Love unto you, otherwise then in a lawful and honourable way, and so to do, both your fame and conditions emboldned me: and although I grant that your beauty and outward feature have force to captivate hearts, yet may there be for all that a heart arm'd against them, and penetrable, only by the arms of innocence, and internal purity, and that you may perceive I have command over my own passions, I here quit all former (protested) Love: so adieu.

*A perswasive Letter, one friend counselling another not to neglect a fortune.*

*Sir,*

FAith marry *Fulvia*, for she
Hath all, makes others beauteous be,
Though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,
They'r Ivory, yet her teeth are Jeat,
Though they be dim, she's light enough,
Though her hair fall, her skin is tough,

To Mistres *L.E.* &c.

Though

Though her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red,
Give thine she has a maidenhead,
If red white, each good quality
Be in her, ne'r ask where't doth ly,
Buying perfumes, we ask if there
Be Amber in't, but ask not where.
Thou needst no Ennuchs, her commit,
Even unto a Marmosit,
Her face like Clouds turn day to night,
Her luster makes even Moors seem white.

*Your Servant*

S. D.

---

## A LOVERS EXTASIE.

I.

WHere like a pillow on a bed
A pregnant bank swell'd up to rest
The violets reclining head,
We two sat, one anothers best

2.

Our hands were firmly cemented
By a fast Balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye beams twisted, and did thred
Our eyes upon one double string.

3.

So to engraft our hands as yet,
Was all the means to make us one,
And Pictures in our eyes to get,
Was all our propagation.

4.

As 'twixt two equal armies fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls (which to advance our state
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.

5.

And whil'st our Souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing all the day.

6.

If any so by Love refin'd,
That he Soul's language understood,
And by good Love were grown all mind
Within convenient distance stood;

7.

He (though he knew not, which Soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

8.

But as all several Souls contain
Mixture of things, they know not what
Love these mix'd Souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.

9.

A ſingle violent tranſplant
The ſtrength, the colour and the ſize,
(All which before was poor and ſcant)
Redoubles ſtill and multiplies.

---

*An Amourous Complemental Dialogue, or wooing ſcene between* RINALDO *and* THOMASO.

*The perfect pattern of a Lovers paſſion.*

THOMASO.

SIR, I am much amazed to ſee you in this humour, and cannot conceive how you ſhould be tranſported with your paſſions in ſo weak a manner: what are theſe ſighs good for, you have loſt a lovely and beloved wife 'tis true, neither ſhall I (in this world) any more behold my worthy Husband, have I not then as great cauſe to complain as you, and in me it would be more pardonable to afflict my ſelf in regard ſuch ſtrong reſolutions are not expected from my Sex as from yours.

RI-

## RINALDO.

DIvine Mistress, I perceive that you have not the gift of propheſie, or that you rightly underſtand my grief, fair Miſtreſs I do not ſigh for the dead (although my loſs be ever preſent before me) I know well enough that Heaven forbids, an exceſs in our mourning, but feeling a new grief, I cannot forbear venting ſome part of my ſorrow in ſighs, ſince my diſcretion forbids me to do it in words. Miſtreſs, I muſt unlock my boſom to you, ſince your ſelf hath given me occaſion to do it, I have not beeu able to refuſe that your beauty, which all the men in the world do render it, and my grief proceeds from my not daring to hope that you will receive into your ſervice, if my ſighs and tears are troubleſome to you, you may quickly ſtop the current of them, and if you have no leſs pitie then you have attracting charms, you will preſently command to live at more quiet hereafter, by telling me that I ſhall not love ungrateſully.

THOMASO.

See Sir, how our opinions do many times abuse us, I had thought your discourse had been of another quality than it is, nor did I believe the little beauty which I have could have prevailed so much over you. You love me, and say that you breathe not, but for the honour of my favour, I will grant it to your merit, and not to be ungrateful, do even now receive you.

RINALDO.

Dearest Mistress, I accept of this gracious promise, with a true and perfect sense of the worth thereof, and do here plight you that faith which another day I will render you in the presence of those upon whom my fortunes depend, it is in you (excellent Mistress) to render me in effect the happiest man in the world, as already I am in hope.

THO-

THOMASO.

Dear friend, time will give us leisure to think of that point; in the mean time live in this belief, that being perfectly beloved of me, I will not pass by any occasion that may tend to your content and my own.

SONG.

SWeet send thou back to me my long straid eyes,
In having them, th'ast all my faculties:
They be
Made by thee,
Of such forc'd passions,
And false fashions,
Besides thy self I shall no object see,
All my jestings,
And protestings,
Word and Oath,
Lost to both,
Send them all back, for I'le have none of thee.

## A QUEINT DIALOGUE.

*A Gentleman, having sojourned sometime in a Gentle-womans house whom he affects, and desirous to discover himself to her, may thus begin.*

### GENTLEMAN.

MIstres, I did not think that my ruin should have been drawn out of your preservation, and that your deliverance should have been the cause of my thraldom.

### GENTLE-WOMAN.

*Sir*; I understand not the meaning of these words, you know you may dispose of all that is mine, and if so be this house be distasteful unto you, as indeed it is not very pleasing, I am to be excused in regard I have not staid you here.

### GENTLEMAN.

Alas, (Mistres) that is not the cause of my complaint, these delicate Gardens curious buildings, and even this very Orchard wherein

wherein we are, set with a multitude of excellent Trees, might give content to the saddest disposition that could be, but I will explain my self seeing it is your pleasure, I said I did not think my ruin would have been drawn out of your preservation; dear Mistress you will soon understand the meaning of these words, when I shall tell you that your beauty hath left me nothing free; but the will to do you service, and desire to enjoy you.

GENTLE-WOMAN.

I did not know my power till now, nor could ever imagine that my face had been of such force, neither did I think of bringing any remedy to your disease, because I was not acquainted with the cause, but now that I am assured of it, I will take time to resolve my self.

GENTLEMAN.

You shall never meet with better opportunity to make me happy, this place is free as I conceive from all danger of discovery, and seems to invite you, not to let me languish any longer.

GENTLE-WOMAN.

See now how your impatience would wrong us, would you have the Sun be witness of my dishonour, or would you have me to spy some one peeping upon us in the midst of our pleasures, which would never taste well accompanied with such fear, we will find a more seasonable time, and a safer place, till when I shall intreat you to rest contented.

GENTLEMAN.

I have done (dear Mistress) only I beseech you be mindful of me, and make the way to me felicity as short as possibly may be.

*The Lover finding his Mistress loose it'h hilts, and resolving no more to make her his Goddess may thus certifie her.*

*Mistress*,

I Held it no little glory to be beloved of you, nor did I think any delight on the earth

earth comparable to that which I found in your friendship, but now finding that ambition hath made you false to my affection, I must tell you E. that I will sigh no longer for your sake, but will for ever quit you, reserving my Love for some other, who will prove more faithful.

*Not yours, but his own to command*

R. H.

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*Two Lovers resolve upon their Union, in a Dialogue;*

*LUCIUS* and *ASPATIA.*

ASPATIA.

YOur complaints, which I have heard, have had the power to alter both my will and mind, so that I am now resolved to give your services their recompence, and (since the fury of my friends will not permit it openly) to marry you in private, and to let you enjoy all priviledges that wedlock can afford.

LUSIUS.

Can I (Mistress) ever be worthy of this grace, may I not well repute my self the happiest man of the earth, I beseech you that I may imprint my thankfulness upon your fair hands, with the impressa of my lips, for the compassion you have been pleased to take on me.

ASPATIA.

Dear Sir, I must not permit that for purposing shortly to be your wife, I am no more to keep you at a distance, wherefore now you shall have my lips, wherewith I shall desire you to rest satisfied untill our marriage shall authorize you further.

LUSIUS.

At your pleasure.

*A Maid, or Widow, finding her self neglected of him, whose Love she once was assured, may thus allarm him.*

*Uncourteous Sir,*

IF I had as little affection, as you have sense of the favour, you have found from me, I should not only say that you were ingrateful, but I should seek to be reveng'd of your neglect; howbeit, considering that you received them upon promise of rendring them one day legitimate, I will proceed no further.

---

*The Lover, desirous to be over familiar with his Mistress, ere the consummation of their marriage Rites is frustrated of his hopes.*

A Complemental Dialogue between *GORGIAS* and *ARABELLA.*

*GORGIAS.*

I Should think my self miserable if I let slip this opportunity, without knowing how

how far your Love extends, we are now in a Wood barred from all eyes that may discloſe our ſecrets, this darkneſs will warrant our delights, my faith will make them lawful, yours will free me from a perpetual fear, that another more happy then my ſelf, may one day poſſeſs you, you will oblige me to live contented, do not ſuffer me (dear Miſtreſs) to languiſh any longer, give your ſelf wholly to me as I proteſt again before Heaven to be only yours, let us take hold of occaſion that is bald, and ſeldom offers it ſelf twice.

*ARABELLA.*

Oh Sir, do you make more account of your pleaſure then my reputation, and do not you conſider that I ſhould be moſt unworthy of your love if my affection were not innocent and pure, what could you wiſh for more, if you had once the ſpoil of me, and how could you love me if there were nothing left for you, to hope from me, I will never believe that you love me for to be my ruine, or that you weighed that well, which you have ſaid: your deſires, and opportunity that tempts men, have made you ſpeak

in

in that manner I know, but recollect your self I pray you, judge whether I may give you that with reason, which you demand with passion; I love you infinitely I confess it, yet nature teacheth me that I ought to love my self better.

GORGIAS.

I am extreamly grieved at the discontent you have received from my speeches, which were derived from my passion, and not from the end you imagine; I should esteem my self the vilest of all mankind, if I had so much as entertained a thought to draw favours from you, to make you the scorn of the world, as now you are the wonder of it: you will have me wait upon time, and refer all things to the pleasure of the destenies, and I willingly obey you.

PAMELA.

ARABELLA.

I will recompence the victory you have gotten over you desires with a kiss, I pray Sir take heed of a relapse.

GORGIAS.

You have charm'd me (dearest Mistress) I am wholly at your appointment.

---

*A Maid, or Widow, being extreamly inamored of him, who either knows not of, or hath no will to her Love, may modestly manifest her passion.*

A Dialogue between CURIO, and PAMELA.

PAMELA.

SIR, I know not what opinion you may entertain of me, who being already promised to a husband, have yet been the occasion of your coming to this place, I therefore beseech you (Sir) if such boldness be otherwise unexcusable, that you (out of your no-

nobleneſs) would yet be pleaſed to extenuate it by giving it ſome other name, and by ſo much the rather that it proceeds from my over-loving you, the truth (in brief) is; I deſire to be yours, but if in ſuch a degree I poſſeſs not a room in your noble boſome, I beſeech you but diſcloſe it unto me, that I may then reſolve of ſome means that may wean me from the thought of it.

*CURIO.*

Moſt noble Lady, I beſeech you not to conceive me to be either ſo diſcourteous in opinion, or ſo free from the engagements of affection, that I can paſs any other judgement on you, then ſuch as obliged duty and love (my only directors) addreſs me unto, without either of which I have no power to judge at all, the one ſhews me that I have neither ſtate nor life to make account of where I have the honour of, but ſerving you much leſs the happineſs of being bleſt, with the enjoying you as out of the inexhauſtible treaſure of your goodneſs, you have (beyond all my merits) benignly offered me, the other is ſuch, as I cannot properly call extream, for the greateſt extreams have their

their limits, whereas my love (towards you) being infinite, produceth its infinite effects, so as you (dear Mistress) have no reason to doubt that I most ardently affect you, whom I have great reason to love, and honour.

*PAMELA.*

If these words be the real Echo's, and unfeigned Ambassadours of your heart, my choicest and dearest friend, there remaines nothing but that we nominate the time, and accordingly provide for the solemnization of our nuptials.

*CURIO.*

For that (dear Saint) refer the management thereof wholly to my industry, you have made me happy beyond my wish, and when I fail to love and serve you, let Heaven shoure down the severest plagues upon my caitifs head, that ever yet its justice denounc'd, and its vengeance executed.

*A Lover, being enforced to part with the person of his beloved, thus expresseth the terrour of such a separation by Letter.*

*Dearest,*

SInce you must go, come sable night,
Girt me with darkness whil'st I write;
Shadow that Hell, in which alone,
I am to suffer she being gone,
Have we for this maintain'd a spy,
And stoln bliss while the foe stood by,
Shadow'd with negligence our respects,
Varying through all dialects?
Have we prov'd all the power of art,
Thy inwards, and thy panting heart,
And after all this purgatory
Must we be made a vulgar story?
Do thy worst fortune, I have arms,
Not 'gainst thy strokes, yet 'gainst thy harms;
Bend us, thou can'st not us devide,
Our bodies, for our Souls are tyde,
Wee'l love by Letters and by gifts,
Thoughts, dreams, Love never wanteth shifts,

When

When I behold the flying Sun,
(Mistress)
Your beauty to my sense shall run,
Air notes you soft, the fire most pure,
Water your clearness, earth you'r sure,
I could say more, but words have made
The truth suspected, lovely maid.
Farewel, and know I love so true,
I will not look for less in you.

*Dearest happiness*
*Yours solely*

I. Q.

---

*The Lover discovers his affection to his Mistress, thus in a dubious sense.*

*Lady,*

I Make no question but you have discerned some alteration in me, and that the goodness of your disposition hath made you partaker of my suffering, but the way to relieve (I fear) is otherwise then you imagine, and if I fail now of your assistance, there is no hope of remedy for me, but in death. I assure my self, you wonder at this language, and that you will demand an ex-

explication of it from me, but if you had not known what it is to Love, you may think I would never acquaint you with my thoughts, for fear you should laugh at me: in a word, I am in Love with your rich and rare perfections, doom me as you please, but I beseech you consider ere you pass your censure, that my life depends upon your resolutions. Since I am

*Divine Lady*
*Your humble creature*
*affectionately devoted*

G. L.

---

*A Gentleman (perhaps really, or otherwise) protesting great Love to a Maid, or Widow of mean fortunes, she may thus reply.*

A Dialogue between *ANDRADO*, and *CLARISSA*.

*ANDRADO.*

MY passions brought me hither (fair Mistress) to tell you that you are not

not to marvel, hearing me sigh for your sake, though our conditions seem to be different, Love doth greater miracles, and the wonders which I see in your eyes shall always excuse me before the most severest Judge.

*CLARISSA.*

Look how a silly woman may be jeer'd, no doubt Sir, I have cause to complain of fortune, for giving me no better a being, but withal I must praise her for sending me into the world with so much judgement, as to know how to put the difference that is requisite between your greatness, and my poverty; which forbids me to be perswaded that ever I can merit the honour you would do me. I am without name, and without Parents, and have nothing else to rely on, but the love of my friends, in regard whereof I will never believe that you love me, but to undo me, which I will avoid if I can, and will wisely conserve that, which can make me live happily in my unhappiness.

*AN-*

ANDRADO.

I love you (dearest) without desiring any thing of you, but what honour will permit you to confer on me, my affection is unfeigned, and my vows inviolable.

CLARISSA.

Well Sir, our accord is half made, a little time may (perhaps) unite us.

ANDRADO.

You make me happy.

---

SONG.

1.

DEarest now I am gone,
And you alone,
Which cannot be,
Since I must leave my self with thee.

2.

By distance our hopes joyning bliss,
Even then our Souls shall kiss,
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove.

Fools

Pools have no means to meet,
But by their feet,
We can commerce
By prose and verse,
Let not our clay
Over our spirits too much sway.
Nor yet like Athiests at their dying hour,
Call what they cannot name, an unknown power,
I know my Deity and this,
I doubt not shall transport me unto bliss.

---

*The Lover, having often endeavoured, but in vain to win the Love of his coy Mistress, and now finding a fit opportunity to renue his suite, thus complements with her.*

## A Dialogue between *JOVIANUS* and *ARTIMESIA*.

### *JOVIA.*

DEar Lady, do you not think it time yet to ease my pain, and shall the discretion which you have found in my carriage leave you insensible of my sufferings, con-

consider that your good fortune depends on the pitie which you shall have of me, and that if you be inexorable, you will give me just occasion to accuse your ingratitude.

*ARTIMESIA.*

Sir, my judgment is not so weak as to make me neglect the contentment and advantages, which the honour of your affection doth promise me, but do you think that having yet sighs in my mouth, and tears in my eyes, for the loss of my Dear, *&c.* I can resolve for any pleasure; time the common Physician of our miseries may alter this peevish humour, be pleased I beseech you (Sir) to attend your remedy from thence; your delight will be the greater, when I shall give it you without grudging and not forcing my will, you shall oblige me to commend your gentleness, in the mean time let me obtain of you, that you would not afflict your self.

*JOVIANUS.*

Heaven that hath made you so fair (my Dear *Artimesia*) make you as true, your most humble servant.

*ARTIMESIA.*

Your handmaid.

## A SONG.

*The indifferent Lover*

WIll no other vice content you,
Will't not serve you, as't did your Mothers
Old vices spent, you'd find out others,
Or doth a fear, that men are true torment you.
Oh! we are not be you not so
Rob me, * but after let me go. * Not bind me.

Must I, who came to travel thorow you,
Grow your fixt subject, because you are true.
When * *Æricina* heard this song,
By her Cestos then she swore, * A name of Venus.
That this should be so no more,
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long.
Some two, or three,
Dull Heritiques (quoth she)
Do think to ?stablish dangerous constancy,
But that Bill ne'r shall be confirm'd by me.

An

An excuse by way of Apollogie.

*A Gentleman having entertained a person of quality at his house, at his departure may thus express himself.*

SIR,

I Crave your humble pardon, if in any thing I have failed to tender you the honour due to your quality, wherein although my being a stranger to you, might (in some regard) serve me for an excuse, yet cannot I assure my self that is sufficient, because I made not a more perfect discovery of your worth, by those indelible marks of a Gentleman, stampt on your brow.

---

AN ENTERTAINMENT.

*A Lady ariving at a Gentlemans house, &c.*

*LADY.*

NOble Sir, I should have prevented this too stately, (and by me not merited)

entertainment by my acquainting you that my condition sutes not with such magnificence.

GENTLEMAN.

Madam, you need use no such preventions, for vertue hath supplied Fortunes defects with such an extraordinary liberality, that there is not any participant thereof, but must therefore remain your external debter: for my house, although it be not worthy your honoured person, yet it is such as with its conveniencie may give as good satisfaction as a more sumptuous, yet were there no other consideration, its very homelineſs would argue the malignity of the Harbinger that so lodg'd you, but I hope to see you one day in a condition more consonant to your own eminent worth.

LADY.

Noble Sir, comfort proceeds not from imagining an alteration in misfortunes (because in case the same succeed not accordingly, the pain becomes greater) but rather by arming ones self against them, and correcting the venom of Fortune with the Antidote of patience.

GEN

GENTLEMAN.

Divine Lady, your speeches (beyond the capacities of all other of your Sex) were ever evidently demonstrated by the irrefutable Theoreme of your deportment and actions, may it please you to pardon the roughness of your entertainment here, and to bless us with your presence, in the presentation of a poor banquet.

LADY.

You exceed in nobleness.

AN ODE.

MIraculous, what! Love me an whole day,
I do expect thou'lt Antedate thy vow
To morrow, and wilt say,
I find that even now
We are not those we were,
Or that a Lover may forswear.
For as true death's, true marriages untie,
(So if you'l dare the truth to justifie)
Loves contracts like to those
Bind, but till sleep death's image them unloose,

Having purpos'd falshood, you
Can ne'r be true,
Practice thy worst of change, I'le alter too.

*The Lover, having forborn, whether out of bashfulness, or otherwise to discover the fervencie of his affection to his Mistress, may thus make known his desires by Letter.*

*Dearest Lady,*

IT hath pleased Fortune to shew me in this game how exceedingly she can hate me; that Golden shaft, which is feigned to strike through hearts, is no more then an amorous word steeped in the affection of a passionate Lover, the one stabs, the other envenomes, I am indeed born very near you in bloud, but your vertues make me more near unto you in servitude, and your beauty, graces, and merits with an indissolvable knot have bound me neerest you of all in Love: if loving, you be an offence, then must the being your servant, and *&c.* be no less, and if you judge me worthie of punishment, then must you likewise judge that your vertues, beauty, and excellent parts deserve to be the first punished, but I beseech you

you to believe that these (though great) occasions had not (for all that) made me so bold as I am, but that I know your nuptials draw near with *D. C.* which if it stand with your good liking, behold me then ready to serve you therein, as I shall in all things else whilest I breath.

*Desiring no longer life then I acknowledge my self your affectionately devoted servant*

N. T.

---

*A Maid, or Widow, having by (scornfull) contempt brought her Lover to his night-cap and Cawdles, and now resolving to yield him the thing he whines for, may thus give him the good news.*

## A Dialogue between ARIANA and ALONZO.

### ARIANA.

DEar Sir, I confess my self faulty, and pronounce my self most worthy of chastisement for having been (against all reason)



45

the cauſe of endangering your life by bringing you thus to death's dore from my Soul; I confeſs your intents to be no leſs noble then indulgent towards me, and moſt worthy to be requited with an equal affection, Sir, I am moſt ready and willing to afford you plenary amends, baniſh then from you all melancholy, ſince I am ever yours, and never will be any others.

ALONSO.

I know not (incomparable Miſtreſs) when I ſhall be ever able to ſerve you conformable to this great obligation, you (Miſtreſs) cannot be faulty where you have Soveraign power, nor be ſubject to puniſhment, ſince you ſway the Scepter over all the Laws of my affections, your nobly vouchſafing to comprehend in the better ſenſe, the true extent of my love and ſervice, and out of your goodneſs to accept them ſurpaſſeth my expectation, ſince you, Dear Miſtreſs, are pleaſed now at length to pitie me, I beſeech you let us marry ere we part, to the end our faults (if ſuch they be) may ſeem by ſo much the leſs in the eyes, both of Heaven and the World.

ARIA-

ARIANA.

Well Sir, that you may see the truth of my integrity, do with me as you please, I am wholly at your disposure.

---

A FAREWELL.

*To the truly beautious; and excellent in all perfections, Mistress* Marie Good.

*Dear,*

LEt not thy knowing heart forethink me ill,
Lest destiny thy foreward fears fulfil,
For when thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not hollow wind,
Nor when thou weep'st for woe, (unkindly kind)
Dost thou shed briny drops; thou sigh'st away
My Soul, and bring'st my lifes bloud to decay,
How feeble is mans power, if Fortune fall
Our good, we cannot one poor hour recall,
But if there come a sad, and dreary chance,
We have an Art, it's juncture to advance,
And with much care we joyn in to our strength,

And very wisely, teach it art, and length,
But yesternight *Hyperion* journeyed hence,
(Who though a God hath no desire, or sence)
And yet behold, he's here again to day,
Yet hath not half (I'me sure) so short a way
As I, Oh, (then my dearest) fear not me,
But think I have more wings, and spurs then he.

*Yours inviolably*

I. K.

## *THE CROTCHET, AN ODE.*

*To the truly handsome, and Debonair Mistress* Anne Furze.

I Lov'd thee, e're I knew thy face, or name,
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels surround us of't, and worshipt be,
I know th'art beauteous, yet did nothing see.
There's sure a body too
Sometimes expos'd to view.
Cupid go ask, and now
Assume that body prithee, I allow
Thou, take all, save her lips, her eye, and brow.

*Some*

*Some obdurate spirit, being now brought to Cupids bent, and willing to accept of her, whose Love he hath a long time despised, thus discourseth in a Dialogue, between* Valisca *and* Dulcinda.

*DULCINDA.*

AND what God restores you to me now (my sweet *Valasco*) what spiteful fate took you from me dearest life of my Soul? this happiness that I dare scarce credit my eyes, spirits I see are not dissolved by the blows of Fortune, this your languishing paleness I take to be an infallible mark of your Love, and a most glorious Trophy of mine.

*VALASCO.*

The present content (Madam) that I enjoy is the height of so great a glory, that the death, *viz.* the past calamities that I have suffered come exceedingly short of meriting it; I affectionately beg of you, to add one favour more to the sum of my obligations, which is that you would chear up your spirits, and no more to think of my former neglects, but to joyn with me in prayer, to loves Deity for the pardoning of my ugly averseness towards

towards your ſweet ſelf, and then accord with me in a cheerful Tone, in a triumphant Hymn to Hymen.

*DULCINDA.*

This recompence is of ſo ample extent, that I am ſcarce of ſtrength enough to bear it.

*VALASCO.*

Let me ſhare your burthen (Deareſt) this day wee'l be incorporate.

*The preſentation of a jeat Ring, the Lover being forſaken by his Miſtreſs.*

FAith, this is not ſo black as is thy Soul,
This is well poliſh'd, but thine's groſly foul,
This is not half ſo brittle as thy heart,
A *Venice* glaſs brimful of Bane thou art,
Marriage Rings are not of this ſwarthy ſtuff
Oh! why ſhould ought leſs precious, or leſs tough,
Figure our Loves; yet ſpeak thy name, and ſay,
I'm cheap, and then be ſure th'art flung away,

Rather

Rather then take abuse; back to me come,
Thou'lt serve my fingers top, though not her thumb
Be justly proud, thou'lt safely dwell with me,
For she that broke her faith, would soon break thee.

---

*The Lover (though having received his sad sentence from his Mistress mouth, that she is resolved against his Love) finding he cannot subsist without the fruition of, &c. thus declares his condition by Letter.*

*Cruel Mistress,*

THink it not strange, if I show more Love then obedience, I am brought to that extremity, that all considerations in the world must give way to the violence of my suffering, I write this because you have forbidden me to speak to you, and do crave the same pity of you, which you would wish for if you were in the pain you have seen me in, if you judg rightly of my passion, you will not be offended at this request, honour doth guide it, nor do I desire any felicitie under heaven, but according to the Ordinance of the Church to legitimate it, let not your refusal then make

make me desperate, revoke your vote, and recal your Doom, I implore a return of this, and beg your pitie without, which I am

*The most wretched of all mankind, yet your most loyal servant in life, or death,*

P. R.

---

*A Nocturnal Courtship, the wanton Chamber-maid* Byancha, *being in Love with her Ladies Gentleman Usher* Anthonio, *very pleasant,*

BYANCHA.

IN faith, I must complain of your neglect of me, and not forbear to tell you, that you want judgment in not making use of time, occasion, and the good will of a Wench that loves you with passion, we must both watch to night, what sense were it to pass it over in languishing, when we may make it full of contentment, do not foolishly imagine as some do, that to afford any part of your affection to more then one is a kind of fault, this is an error, at which those of little judgment do stumble, and the more discreet do laugh at, I will mingle so much sweet-

sweetnes with my kisses, and such dalliance with my embraces as you shall with reason think your self happy in so favourable an encounter; suffer then our lips to meet, and do not disdain a Love, because it is freely proffered you.

## ANTONIO.

DO not believe if I answer not your desires, that it is out of the consideration or the liberty, which you take in the discovery of your passions, I know how weak men are when Love hath resolved to master them, and that it is not in their power to govern their passions, if once they submit themselves to the tyranny of so great a power, and yet less then that would I have you believe, that I intend to follow any man for a pattern of my actions, for they shall ever depend only upon mine own humour, but to tell you freely I cannot make use of your good will, because I infinitely Love a Gentle-woman, to whom I have solemnly sworn.

## BYANCHA.

Thus it is, that poor spirits use to excuse themselves; sleep, since you care more for a

nap,

nap, then you do for my life, heaven, which is always just, will one time, or other revenge, your despising of me, and make you throughly feel the pain that I suffer by your ingratitude.

## SONNET.

SOme that have deeper digg'd Loves mine then I,
Tell where his centrick happiness doth ly,
Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we for this vain bubles shadow pay,
Lovers do dream, a rich, and long delight,
But get a Winter-seeming Summers night.
Oh, 'tis imposture all,
A plague sedereal;
Yes, I have found it worse,
Therefore I'le to my rival give this curse,
May he dream Treason, think, that he
Meant to perform't, confess, and die.
The venom of all step-dames, Gamesters gall,
What Tyrants, and their subjects interwish,
What plants, what mine, what beasts, what fowl, what fish,

Can

Can contribute all ill, which all
Prophets, or Poets spake, and all which
shall
Be annex'd in Schedules unto this by me,
Fall on that man, but if it be a she,
Nature before-hand, hath out-curs'd me.

*A Gentleman, having seen a beauty, whom he extreamly, affecteth (being altogether a stanger to her) may thus certifie her of his affection by Letter.*

*Beauteous Mistress,*

I Doubt not, but you will think it very strange, that an unknown Gentleman should dare so far, as to be a suitor to you for your love, before his services might induce you to it, but when you shall consider that he is enforced so to do; by the irresistable power of your Divine beautie, questionless you will excuse his presumption, and not think it amiss, if he beg some pitie from you, since it is the glory of heaven to grant it unto the prayers of men, he indures incredible pains, his desires never leave him in quiet, his heart burns continually in the flame, which your fair

eyes

eyes have kindled his little merit, and your exceeding worth make inceſſant war upon him, he hath no relief, but in his ſighs in the which too, he finds a great deal of miſerie: leave him not (Miſtreſs) in the midſt of ſo many enemies that oppreſs him, he will not live but for you, nor deſires to prolong his days, but for your ſervice, and becauſe all his felicitie depends thereupon, permit in the mean time that he may be named

*Your affectionate, and obſequious Vaſſail*

N. G.

## PASSIONS CALM'D.

*A Complemental Dialogue, including variety of Courtſhip, ſpoken by*

ROGERO and TIMOCLEA.

*ROGERO.*

HOw long (Lady) is it your pleaſure that I ſhall ſuffer.

*TIMO-*

*TIMOCLEA.*

Is it my pleasure that you should suffer? am I the cause of your pain, have I done you any displeasure, have you found any thing in the innocencie of my actions that hath given you offence?

*ROGERO.*

No (Lady) but it is your favour, that I am so humble a suiter for.

*TIMOCLEA.*

I must know wherein you have offended me, before I can grant you any favour, for I do not mean to pardon you, if you have committed any thing that is heinous

*ROGERO.*

Alas (Lady) make not a jest of my miserie, all the quiet of my Soul rests in your hands, and if I beg for favour of you, I do not presuppose any foregoing offence, but I desire you should take pitie of the pain I endure for your sake: Excellent Mistress permit

permit me, I beseech you, to say, that I love you, that my desires are violent, that they will never suffer me to be at rest, and that my grief must needs be more, except your favours to me be greater then heretofore they have been.

*TIMOCLEA.*

You are too much transported with passion, for whereas you speak of favours, do you think I can do you any further without wrong to that modestie, which I am resolved shall accompany all my actions, why do you endure such tyrannie, why do ye not repress the insolencie of these passions, which molest you so, or why do ye not make your self strong enough to vanquish your self? your desires must be confined with discretion, and governed by reason, but if you suffer in such sort, and are so much in love with me, why do you not seek for ease, and satisfaction by the ways, which honour allows you; my will (Sir) is subject to a Fathers, who I am perswaded would not refuse your alliance, if you require my consent, I willingly give it you.

RO-

ROGERO.

Beauteous Mistress, I cannot wish for more in this world then you have promised me, and the favour I sued unto you for was no more but this, which you have granted me, I loved you as much as it was possible for one to love a Lady, but I never should have discovered my thoughts, had not you authorized me to do it; I will presently go seek the means that may compleat my content, but first let me obtain of my fairest Mistress, that she will be pleased to give me the testimonie of her Love in a kiss.

TIMOCLEA.

The hope which I have to give you a more ample power over me ere it belong, shall so far despense with me, as not to denie you this favour, which is of no little esteem with me.

ROGERO.

You deifie me (gracious Mistress.)

TI-

## TIMOCLEA.

Farewell Dear Sir, I shall expect your presence to morrow in the Garden walks.

## ROGERO.

Then, and ever your Creature.

## A CATCH.

HAve you observed the Wench in the street?
She as scarce any hose or shoos to her feet.
Yet she is very merry, and when she cries she sings,
I have hot Codlings hot Codlings
Or have you ever seen or heard,
The Mortall with a Lyon Tawny beard:
He lives as merily as any heart can wish,
And still he crys buy a Brish buy a Brish.

Since

Since these are so merry, why
Should wee take care?
Musitians like Camelions
Must live by the air.
Then Lets be blithe and bonny,
And no good meeting balk,
For when wee have no Money,
We shall find Chalk.

## SONG.

CAlme was the Evening, and clear was the sky,
And new budding flowers did spring
When all alone went *Amintas* and I
To hear the sweet Nightingall sing,
I sat and he laid him down by me
And scarsly his breath he cold draw,
But when with a fear
He began to draw near
He was dasht with a ha, ha, ha.

He Blusht to himself and lay Still for a while,
For his Modesty Curb'd his desire,
But streight I convinc'd all His fears with a smile

And

And added new flames to his fire
Ah! *Sylvia* said he, you are cruell
To keep the poor Lover in awe
Then once more he preſt,
With his hand on my breſt,
But was daſht whit a ha, ha, ha.

I knew 'twas his paſſion that cauſed all his fears,
And therefore I pittied his Caſe,
I whiſper'd him ſoftly, there's no body near,
And I laid my cheek cloſe to his face,
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A ſhepherd came by us and ſaw,
And juſt as our bliſs
Began with a kiſs,
He burſt out with ha, ha, ha.

## A SONG.

MY Mistress loves no Wood-cocks,
Yet loves to pick the bones;
My Mistress loves some Jewels,
And others precious stones;
My Mistress loves no Hunting,
Yet loves to hear the Horn;
My Mistress loves not Irish;
Yet loves to see men born;
My Mistress loves not wrasling,
Yet loves to Catch a fall;
My Mistress loves no all thing,
Yet loves my Master with all.

## A SONG.

MAke ready, fair Lady, to night,
Come down to the door below,
For I will be there
To Receive you with care,
And with your true love you shall go.

## A REPLY.

And when the ſtars twinkle ſo bright
Then down to the dore will I creep;
To my love I will fly
Ere the Jealous can ſpy,
And leave my old dady aſleep.

From the Temple to the bord,
From the bord unto the bed
We conduct the Maiden-head,
Wiſhing Hymen to afford
All the pleaſures that he can
'Twixt a Woman and a Man
So merrily, merrily, we paſs along,
With our Joyful, with our Joyful bridall ſong.

## A SONG.

A Lover I am, and a Lover I'le be,
And hope from my true love I ſhall never be free;

Let

Let wisdom be blamed in the grave Womans hater,
Yet never to love, is a sign of ill nature.
But he who loves well, and whose Passion is strong
Shall never be wretched, but ever be young.

With hopes, and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean
Our hearts are kept dancing and ever in motion;
When our passion is pall'd, and our fancies would fail
A little kind quarrel supplies a fresh gale;
But when the doubts clear'd and the Jealousy's gone,
How we kiss, and embrace, and can never have done.

To little or no purpose I spe
days
In Ranging the park, the
the plays,

Yet ne'r in my Ramble, till now, did I prove
So happy to meet with the Man I could love;
But o! how I ſigh, when I think of the Man
That I find I muſt love, let me do what I can.

How long I ſhall love him, I can no more tell
Then had I feaver when I ſhould be well;
My paſſion ſhall kill me before I will ſhow it;
And yet I would give all the World he did know it;
But o! how I ſigh, when I think ſhould he
Woe me,
That I cannot deny, what I know will undo me.

## A SONG.

I Serve *Anintа* whiter then the snow,
Streighter than ceder,
Brighter than the glass,
More fine in the hip
Then foot of running Roe;
More pleasant than the
Fiel'd of flowring grass,
More glad-some to my withering
Joy's that fade
Then Winter-sun, or summer Cooling shade.

2.

Sweeter then swelling grape of ripe Vine;
Softer then feathers of the faireſt swan;
Smoother then jet, more stately then the pine;
Freſher then popler, smaller then my span,
Clearer than *Phebus* fiery pointed beam,
Or icy cruſt of Cryſtal frozen stream.

134

3. 3.

Yet is she curster then the Bear by kind,
And harder hearted then the aged oak,
More Glib then oyl,
More fickle then the wind;
More stiff then steel,
No sooner bent but broak;
Lo thus my service is a lasting sore,
Yet will I serve although I die therefore.

## A SONG.

IS she gone let her go;
Faith boy, I care not;
I'le not sue after her,
I dare not, I dare not.
Though she has more land
Then I, by many an acre,
I have ploud in her ground,
Who will may take her.

She is a witty one, and she is fair too,
She most have all the land, that she is heir to.
But as for free land
She has not any, 135
For hers is Lammas ground,
Common to many.

Were it in several
'Twere a great favour,
It might be an Inriching
To him that shall have her,
But hers is Common ground,
And without bounding;
You my graze in her ground.
And fear no pounding.

## A SONG.

*Silvia* tell me how long it will be
Before you will grant my desire?
Is there no end of your cruelty?
But must I consume in this fire,

You'll not tell me you love me,
Nor yet that you hate;
But take pleasure in seeing me Languish,
Ah! *Silvia* pitty my disperate state,
For you are the cause of my anguish.

## HER ANSWER.

*Damon*, I tell thee I never will be
In a humour to grant thy desires;
Nor can I be taxed with cruelty
Having one that I more do admire;
For 'tis him that I love,
And thee that I hate,
Yet I find you would fain be doing;
No *Damon* you never shall be my mate;
Then Prethee friend leave of thy Wooing.

## HIS REPLY.

*Silvia* know I never shall more
Be a Suter to pride and disdaining;
Nor can my respects be as heretofore,
Being now in the time of their waning;
For I prise not thy love,
Nor I fear not thy hate,

Then

Then prethee take in for a warning;
When ever you meet with another mate
Faith, *Silvia*, leave off thy scorning. I

## A SONG.

1.

THus all our life long, we are frolick and gay,
And Instead of court revels, we merrily play
At trap, at Rules, and at barly-break run,
At goff, and at foot-ball, and when we have done
Theſe Innocent ſports well laugh and lie down,
And to each pritty laſs, we will give a green-gown.

2.

We'll teach our little dog to fetch and to carry
The Partridge, the Hare, the Feaſant our quarry.

The

The Nimble Squirrils with Cudgels we'll
chase,
And the Little prity Lark 138
We'll betray with a glass,
And when we have done, &c.

3. 3.

About the May-pole we dance all in a
Round,
And with Garlands of Pincks and Roses are
Crown'd;
Our little kind tribute we chearfully pay
To the gay Lord, and the bright Lady
oth may.
And when we have done, &c.

## A SONG. 139

*What is a Woman.*

1.

COme away I do thee ſummon,
Tell me truly, what is Woman?
If worn ſhe is a feather,
If woe'd ſhe's froſty weather,
If won the wind not ſlighter,
If warm'd the Moons not lighter,
If lain withall ſhe's apiſh,
If not lain withall ſhe's ſnappiſh.

2.

Come away I do the ſummon,
Tell me once more, what is Woman?
If fair ſhe's coy in Courting,
If witty looſe in ſporting,
If ready ſhe is but clothing,
If naked ſhe is juſt nothing,
If not beloved ſhe horn's thee,
If loved too well ſhe ſcorn's thee.

AN-

## ANSWER.

3.

THen for my Mistress sake
I again Reply did make.
If worn she is a Jewel;
If woo'd she is not cruel;
If won no Rock is surer;
If weigh'd no Gold is purer;
If lain withal delicious;
If not yet no way Vitious.

4.

And for the second summon I
This for a Women do Reply;
If fair she's Heavenly Treasure;
If witty she's all pleasure;
If ready she's quaintish;
If not ready she's daintish;
If lov'd her heart she spares not;
If not beloved she cares not.

A

## A SONG.

1.

MIstake me not,
I am as cold as hot;
For though mine eyes
Betrays this heart o're night,
Ere morn, Ere morn,
Ere morning all is right.

2.

Sometimes I burn,
And then I do return;
There's nothing so unconstant
As my mind;
I change, I change,
I change even as the wind.

3.

Perhaps in Jest
I said I lov'd thee best;
But 'twas no more
Then what was long before;
I Vow'd, I Vow'd,
I Vow'd to twenty more.

4. Then

4. 4.

Then prethee see,
I give no heart to thee,
For when I none could keep,
My own one day,
What hope what hope,
What hope hadst thou to stay?

---

## A SONG.

1. 1.

SO looks the Virgin-rose,
Which cherished by the genial truth,
Her crimson beauties doth disclose,
As doth the Ruby portals of her mouth.

2. 2.

Which when she doth unfold
Two bright transparant Rows
Of Pearl you may behold,
From which a breath of Amber flows.

3. 3 143

A more then Tyrean purple,
Doth ore ſpread
Her lips which ſofter are
Then the Swans down, and ſmoother far.

4. 4.

The Coſtly Jüice that dwells
In oriental ſhells
To them looks paile,
That are ſo purely Red.

5. 5.

Fair cheeks that look
Like bluſhing Roſes plac'd
In pureſt Ivory,
Or coral within ſnow enchas'd.

6. 6.

The glory of the Spring,
Grows pale and Languiſhings
For envy ſo out ſhin'd,
By them to be.

7. Sweet-

7.

Sweetly triumphing eyes
That in two Chryſtal priſons do Contain
Death in a frowns diſguiſe; how gladly would
I dye
To be by thoſe eyes ſlain.

8.

Delightful Cruelry of thoſe all Charming
eyes,
That have on one deſign to Try;
Not what a pleaſing Empire,
Thus can Tyrannize.

## A SONG.

1.

CUpid thou art a ſluggiſh Boy,
And doſt neglect thy calling;
Thy Bow and Arrows are a Toy,
Thy Monarchy is falling.

2. Unleſs

2.

Unleſs thou doſt recall thy ſelf,
And take they Tools about thee.
Thou wilt be ſcorn'd by every elf,
And all the world will flout thee.

3.

Rouze up thy ſpirit like a God,
And play the Archer finely;
Let none eſcape thy ſhaft or Rod
'Gainſt thee have ſpoke unkindly.

4.

So mayſt thou chance to
Pleaſe that heart
Whoſe cruelty hath made
The ſmart.

## A SONG.

1. I.

THough bootleſs I muſt needs complain
My fauls are ſo extreme,
I love and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream.

2. I.

For as that love was quickly got,
So was it quickly gone;
Ile love no more a flame ſo hot,
Ile rather let't alone.

## A SONG.

I Woe not go too't,
I mun not go too't
For love nor yet for fee;
For I am a Maid,
And I will be a Maid,
And a good one till I dee.
Yet mine Intent
I could repent,
For one mans companey.

## A SONG. 147

HE that Marries a merry lass
He has most cause to be sad,
For let her go free in her merry Triks
She will work his patience mad;
But he that marries a scold, a scold
He has most cause to be merry,
For when she in her fits
He may cherish his wits
With Singing he down dery.
He that weds a roring Girl
That will both scratch ad fight,
Though he study all day
To make her away,
Will be glad to please her at night.

Ad he that Copes with a sullen wench
That scarce will speak at all,
Her doggedness more
Then a scold or a whore
Will penetrate his gall.
He that's matched with a Turtle-Dove
That has no spleen about her,
Shall wast so much life
In love of his wife,
He had better be without her.

## A SONG.

COme my *Daphne* come away?
We do waste the Christal day;
'Tis *Strephon* calls.
*Daph.* What saith my love?
*Streph.* Come follow to the Mirtle Grove,
Where Venus shall Prepare
New Chaplets to adorn thy hair.
*Daph.* Strephon were I shut up within a tre
I'd break the bark to follow thee.
*Streph.* My Shepherdess make haste,
The Minutes fly too fast.
Lets to those cooler shades where I
find as Cupid in thine eye,
twixt thy breasts will ever stray.
*h.* In such warm snow
ho would not lose their way.

## A SONG.

E lived twenty one year
As man and wife together,
d not longer keep her here,
one I know not whither.

THOMASIN.

No, Sir, I shall not be so cruel, only I do command you, as you love me not to speak one word more till we have din'd, nay, give me no reply.

ARNALDO.

Mum.

*Poesies upon Bracelets.*

As love gives life to every part
So this, gives life, unto my heart.
This chastely lies, and lives with me,
O that I might, do so with thee.

*Another.*

How might I triumph, in my bliss
If love were, where my bracelet is;
For then should love, do no such harm
To writing my heart, but wreath my arm.

*A Gratulatory Letter, the Lovers Miſtreſs being married to his intimate friend, which (because he cannot help) if he pleaſe, may thus approve on.*

TO thee young youth, theſe younglings lines I write
Stor'd with my beſt of wiſhes; May delight
Crown, that long wiſh'd for nuptial bed of thine
Which ſhould have been (if fate had granted) mine
Yet I eſteem it no unlucky fate,
Since what one friend ha's is communicate
Unto another, that my love ſhould end,
And ending give beginning to my friend:
But why ſay I, 'tis ended: ſith by thee,
A three-love, ſong, bears diſcant merrily?
And thus it is, I lov'd her, where thou art,
Shee thee, thou me, three lovers in one heart
Shee thine, thou mine, (if mine thou ſtil'd may be)
Make her, in being thine, eſpous'd to me.

*Your friend as good as ever*

A. H.

*Th*

*The lover having (in part) already signified his affection to his Mistress, (personally) thus seconds his attempt (being forced to keep at distance) by Letter.*

*Bright Mistress,*

WEre you as courteous as fair, you would rest as confident of my affections, as I do of your beauty, and then, much rejoyce in that, as I triumph in s, but as my tongue lately wanted power, ow doth my pen Art to inform you how rly I love your beautie, and honour ir vertues, so that could your thoughts e into mine, or my heart be so happy, as dictate to yours, those should know, and s see, that I am ambitious of no other thly felicitie, then either to live your Husd, or die your martyr; it remains in you, eet Lady, either to crown my joys by ir consent, or to immortalize my torments your refusal, if you seriously weigh the ycncie of my love. I hope you will not the incredulitie of my fear, for till I am happy not only to hope, but to assure my that thou wilt be mine, as I am already ne, I must needs feel perpetual anxiety

therefore, fair, and dear Lady, I beſee
thee diſtinate me, diſpoſe my ſervice, a
command both, for I take Heaven to w
neſs, thy abſence, is, my Hell upon earth.

*Soul of my bliſs, I am your zealou*
*devoted Lover and admirer.*

E. D

*A Gentle-woman in the abſence of her*
*fianced Lover (being hotly importuned,*
*otherwiſe ſollicited by another) may inv*
*her beloved home to her embraces, thus:*

*Deareſt Love,*

ALthough mine eyes, and heart, c
better weep, and ſigh for my afflic
ons, than my pen depaint them, ye
ſhould infinitely wrong you in my ſelf, a
my ſelf in you, if I inform you not by t
my Letter (the ſecret Embaſſadour of
heart) that my affection deſerves, and
honour requires, your ſpeedie return to n
I would unlock you this myſterie, and ma
it more obvious, and apparent to the
of your underſtanding, but that mine o
modeſ

odesty; and others shame, commands my
n to silence herein; and again, my tears
confusedly, and mournfully interrupt my
hs, they my tears, and both my
n, that although I have the will, yet I
nt the power to inlarge my self; (dear
;) let nothing retard your speedie ap-
pach to me, as you tender the honour of

*Your disconsolate*

E. H.

## HIS REPLY.

*My fair, and dear,* &c.

He knowledge of thy sighs and tears
the more afflict and grieve me, in re-
t I am ignorant whence they proceed,
what occasioned them. 'Tis true, thy
tion deserves my return, and the pre-
ation of thy honour, not only to re-
t, but require, and command it, but
so assured of that, and so confident of
, as I know, thou wilt carrie the first

to the grave, and the second to heaven: if any one since my departure have fallen love with thy beautie, thou must not t it strange, much less grieve thereat. Si the excellencie thereof hath power, not o to captivate one, but many; yea, the co sideration thereof should rather rejoyc than afflict thee, sith whatsoever he be, shame in the end will remain his, and glory thine: but dear and sweet Lady think thine honour is only the pretext, a thy affection the cause, so earnestly to sire my return, whereto I would willin consent; but that the dayly expectance my preferment must a little longer detain here: only this is my resolution, and I p let it be thy assurance, I will dispatch affairs, with all possible expedition, a shall never think my self happy, till I lo thy dilicate bodie betwixt my longing ar which desired time to hasten, shall be constant, and affectionate prayer of

*Thy faithful Lover*

P.

## A DIALOGUE.

*Between two Gentlemen, having newly parted with one of their Mistresses (lately walking with them) in a Garden.*

1.

Did'st thou not find, each Herb, inspir'd
And all the flow'rs look fresh, as they desir'd
No other Sun, and starting from the beds
(Only to look on her) steal out their heads?
Didst thou not hear, choice musick whil'st she talk'd,
And didst thou not perceive, that as she walk'd
She scatter'd Aromatick, all about
Such as Bean blossoms make, when newly out,
Or chafed spices give, when by the sent
You may perceive the *Elizian* continent.

2.

I not perceiv'd, nor credit such a thing,
I see that Love, can make an after spring.



67

1.

Dull senseless clod, thou couldst not chuse but see
The true resemblance, of a Diety.

2.

'Tis true, I had my thoughts, but not your way
You know, all are not born unto the Bay;
You do not doubt I'me sure, I'me flesh and blood:
I even now was thinking,(by all good)
In spite of Masks, and Veyls, how to decrie
Those parts, which are not obvious to the eye:
In thought, I was undoing all she wore;
And had she chanc'd to walk, but one turn more,
Our Grandame, in her first state, had not been
More naked, or to th'eye, more plainly seen.

*The Lover, having often seen his Mistress (yet through bashfulness, or otherwise, having forborn to reveal himself) may Court her by Epistle.*

*Beauteous Lady,*

MY affection will not permit me any longer to practise the posture of a mute, I confess, I have had the happiness more than once to view the brightness of your beautie, yet never could censure the time opportune enough, to render it befitting Adoration; so that you may justly censure me, either to be too Cynical, or too bashfull, the first I dare not acknowledge, the last, I am ashamed to own: whatever hath been the Remora hitherto, I am resolved for the future, that nothing shall obstruct the progress of my Pilgrimage to your shrine, where when arrived, if I fail in the offertorie of my Orisons I beseech you excuse me, and believe that as the greatest grief, so sometimes the highest Love hath the least utterance. I beseech you (Dear Mistress) send me your response in writing, for though I hate the impietie of those, who aspire to the

gradations of Princes, yet I confess, it suites best with my nature to woe, (though not to wed) by proxy.

*Dear Mistress I am your*
*most humble Adorer*

I. H.

---

*If the Gentle-woman can suncie the party, from whom this, (or the like Epistle) is directed, she may return him this answer.*

*Sir;*

I Received your Letter, dated, &c. and cannot so much disguize my affections, as to abscond this truth, viz. That the distillations of your pen, (next to the perfections of your person) please me sufficiently, though I cannot but smile, and wonder at once; at the humour of your expression, and the expression of your humour; while you turn Cupid into a Satyre, and a Satyre into Cupid: let it suffice, I dare love you: Provided, you can confidently,

and

and cordially corfirm the Epilogue annexed to your late Letter.

Sir, *Your very friend*

A. G.

## OF MARRIAGE.

*(Dedicated to all Fathers and Mothers, who make Matrimony a matter of mony.)*

THe iniquity of our times are as strange as lamentable; for in matters of Marriage, Parents without due regard, either to the natures, or affections to their Children, still preferre *Gold*, before *Grace*, and Riches before Vertue and Nobility: but divers of these Marriages in the end find either shame, misery, or repentance; and sometimes all.

*The Virgin, or Widow finding the inclination of her Parents to be averse from the man, on whom she hath wholly fixed her Love, and that they will needs constrain her to marrie one, whom she can by no means affect, may thus expostulate.*

O My

O My dear Parents name not, &c. for my Husband, but if you will needs give me one, then by all that bloud of yours, which streameth in all the veins of my bodie, of two, let me enjoy one, either *E. L.* or my Grave, He, the beginner of my joys, or This, the ender of all my miseries and sorrows: neither is it disobedience in me, but fear of cruelty in your selves that throws me on the exigent of this request, and resolution: I pray consider by the bonds of nature, and not by the Rules of Avarice and Inhumanity.

## An Orbicular Dance,

*Or a necessary contemplation on a wedding-Ring.*

THe little Ring of matrimoney, incloseth many great and weighty considerations, and amongst others, this is not one of the least; disparity in years makes no true harmonie in affections, for there is no affinity betwixt *January* and *May*, and it is a matter, though not impossible, yet difficult for youth and age to sympathize.

*The*

## The second Section.

*The Lover (already affianced to his Mistress, being forced to be absent from her in another Countrey) to manifest his own reality, and to confirm her constancy, thus saluteth her.*

*Dearest happiness,*

THere are some reasons that stay me for not visiting thee in person, but I hope it will not be long ere my spirits find illumination, from the bright rayes of thy beauty, and that I become as joyful in thy presence, as thy absence makes me miserable; I have given thee so true, and real a proof of my affection, as thou shouldest offer me palpable injustice, and to thy self extream injury to doubt thereof, for what greater Testimony canst thou futurely expect, then to believe I will ever prefer thy love before my own life? Heaven may, but

but earth cannot croſs our deſires; thy anſwer ſhall have many kiſſes, and I wil ever both honour, and bleſs that hand that writes it.

*Deareſt happineſs your affectionate ſervant*

I. W.

*If the Gentlewoman, to whom this, (or the like) Letter is directed, have now altered her mind, and reſolves to take off her affection from this party, whom ſhe once countenanced, ſhe may return him this anſwer.*

*SIR,*

MY Fathers death hath altered my diſpoſition, I am now wholly addicted to mourning, and not to marriage, I pray trouble not your ſelf (for my ſake) to leave the place where you are, for the beſt comfort I can receive, is, that it is impoſſible for me to receive any. I never doubted thy affection, nor will give thee any juſt cauſe to ſuſpect, much leſs to fear mine, if this will not ſuffice,

suffice, rest assured, that either my grave, or thy self shall be my husband: but in all outward probability the last before the first, must prove my enjoyment. Farewel,

Neither thine, nor her own

*N. R.*

*The Lover being absent from his Lady, in some distant clime; and having no other theam, than the presentation of his affectionate service, may thus salute her.*

*Beauteous Mistress,*

SO much was I ever yours, since I had first the honour to know you, and consequently so little my self, since I had the unhappiness to part with you, that you your self (Dear) without what I would say, cannot but have been so just, as to have imagined the welcome of your own Letters, though indeed they have but removed me, from one Rack, to set me on another, from fears, and doubts, I had about me of your welfare, to an unquietness within my self, till I have deserved this intelligence how pleasingly troublesom,

leſom, thought and remembrance have been to me ſince I left you, I am no more able to expreſs than another to have them ſo, you only could make every place you come in, worth the thinking of, and I do think thoſe places [this clauſe may be either left out, or inſerted, as occaſion requires] worthy my thoughts only, becauſe your ſelf (once having viſited theſe places) made them ſo: yet every place will be alike, ſince every good ſubject will do the ſame: variety of beauty and faces [quick underminers of conſtancie to others] to me will be but pillars, to ſupport it, ſince when they pleaſe me moſt, I moſt think of you, In ſpite of all Philoſophy, it will be hotteſt in my climate; when my Sun is fartheſt of, and in ſpite of all reaſon, I proclaim that I am not my ſelf, but when I am

*Yours wholly at command*

I. E.

---

*The Ladies Reply.*

*SIR,*

I Received your queint Epiſtle, by the hand of your Servant *P. D.* and could

could wish, you would please for the future, to complement in a calmer Dialect, I mean in a meaner stile! Alas, we silly women, who never travelled farther than those two *Herculean* Pillars, *Sidney*, and *Salust*; read your lines, (as some ignorants, Latine) only by roat, and how tedious, and troublesome a task it were for us to resort to Rider, for the explication of every intricate word, be your self judge. I kindly thank you for your Cordial expressions, of your realitie towards me, and shall desire no longer to subsist with breath, than I approve my self correspondently fidelious: as I will not doubt of your perseverance in Love, so I beseech you be not anxious of my firm fixed constancie. I beseech you (Sir) let me no longer languish destitute of your societie, than necessitie shall command a separation, as you love, or respect

*Your affectionate*

N. S.

If

*If it so happen (as oftentimes it hath) that one Gentleman associating another, shall hear him vent words in the detraction (or else boasting of familiarity (the clandestine favours) of such a Lady; if the one have a mind to inform, what the other hath uttered, he may certifie the Lady, thus:*

*Lady,*

IT is out of affection to you, and not out of premeditated malice to *A.R.* that I presume to signifie unto you, That lately in my presence with him, at, &c. he let fall some words that tended to the prejudice, and disparagement of your honour, whereof, I know, it is not only the part, but the duty of a true Gentleman, to be rather curious in preserving, than any way ingrateful in the revealing thereof; neither do I attempt to send you this news, thereby to insinuate, or draw you to affect me thē more, and him the less: only since it is contrary to my complexion, and nature, to permit any Lady to be wronged in my presence, how much less your self, to whom I not only owe my service, but my life; if you will not approve

prove my zeal, you have all the reaſon in the world to pardon my preſumption, and to make my Letter real. What my pen affirms to you (Lady) my ſword is ready to confirm to your detractor, and ſo I take my leave,

Madam,

*Your very humble*

*Servant*

E. G

## HER ANSWER.

*Sir,*

I Know not, whether you have ſhewed me a truer Teſtimony of your diſcretion, and affection, then *A. R.* of his envy, and folly but as I reſt infinitely obliged to you, for your care of my reputation: So I reſolve ſhortly, to make him know what he deſerves in attempting to eclipſe, and diſparage it. Now as I grieve not, ſo I muſt confeſs, I cannot refrain from ſorrowing at his undeſerved ſlander, for as mine own innocency defend me

me from the first, so my Sex, cannot exempt me from the second; and look what disparitie there is betwixt thy generositie, and his baseness, so much there is betwixt the whiteness of my chastitie, and the foulness his aspersion: I rest so confident of the truth of thy pen, as I desire not the confirmation of thy sword, assuring my self, that since *A. R.* was so indiscreet to wrong me, he will neither have the wit, or courage to right himself. I return you many heartie thanks for this kind office, and courtesie, the which, though I cannot requite, yet I will not only indeavour, but strive, to deserve

*Sir, Your obliged friend*

K. S.

*A Maid being dissuaded by her Parents, from affecting him whom she hath resolved to marry, and instigated by them to accept the Love of him, whom she cannot endure, may thus answer them.*

## MAID.

IF your age will not, yet my youth, or rather my heart informs me, that *A. L.* as far exceeds *D. C.* in the priveledges of mind and bodie, as *D. C.* doth him in those of fortune, but that my resolutions and answers may answer, and correspond with my obedience, although I love *A. L.* yet I will never hate, rather honour *D. C.* but to make him my Husband, or my self his wife, if earth have, I hope heaven hath not decreed it, and I humbly beseech ye, that this may rest your resolution, as I assuredly think it shall, and will remain mine.

If

*If it so happen that a Virgin (by the perswasive allurements of some Youngster) hath yielded up her precious chastity, to the disposal of him, who promised her marriage (he notwithstanding unmindful of his promise, and ingratefully deserting her) she may thus greet him.*

*(Once dear)* Sir,

YOu have bereaved me of mine honour, the which (had I had as much *Grace*, as *Vanity*) I should have esteemed farr dearer, and precious than my life; your promise to make me your wife, was the only lure, which drew me to consent to that errour and folly, at the remembrance whereof I grieve with shame, and shame with repentance, especially since I see, you are so far from performing it, as you hate me, instead of loving me: let the sweetness of my youth, and the freshness of my beauty (which with many Oaths you protested you admired, and adored) judge whether I have deserved this discourtesie of you; but it is a just punishment for my sin, and now I find too late (though formerly I did not believe it) that the fruits of pleasure are bitter, resembling those

those pills, that seem sweet to the pallat, but prove poison to the stomach; and may all maidens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet seek not to make shipwrack of my life, as you have done of my chastity; if you will not grant me the honour to be a piece of your self, yet in nature you cannot deny, but your little Son is not only your picture, but your image, therefore if you cannot affect me for his sake, at least do him for mine, and think, that as it will be an extream ingratitude in you, not to give her maintenance, who hath given you a Son, so it will be extream cruelty, not to allow that poor babe where withal to live, since he hath received both his being, and life of you: but I hope you will be more natural to him, and more loving to my self, which is the prayer

*Of disconsolate afflicted.*

T. R.

*A Gentle-woman (of what rank soever) being unjustly charged by her Husband, for having too much familiarity with a Gentleman, with whom she never had any dishoneſt compliance may (to aſwage her Husbands jealouſie) thus admoniſh the Gentleman, to refrain her houſe and ſociety.*

*SIR,*

IT is not with bluſhes, but tears, that I preſume to write unto you, for indeed it grieves me, to publiſh my Husbands folly, which by dutie I am bound to conceal, neither had I attempted it, but that grief, and neceſſitie, throws me on this exigent; for ſo it is, that my unſpotted chaſtitie is not capable to defend him from jealouſie, which makes me as much triumph in mine own loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude, and not content to wrong me, his folly, or rather his freenzie, hath reflection on you, whom he takes to be both the object, and cauſe thereof, but as your innocencie can juſtly warrant, and defend my honour, and your honour my innocency, from the leaſt ſhadow of that crime; ſo that we may both endeavour, rather to quench than enflame, this

his his irregularitie, I moſt humbly beſeech
ou to refrain our houſe, and neither to
iſit me, nor be familiar with him; and
o peradventure time may wear away from
is thoughts, that, which at preſent truth
nd reaſon cannot. Your relucent vertues
nd true generoſitie, aſſure me of this courte-
ie, which I will repay with thanks, and re-
uite with prayers, that your days may be
s infinite as your perfections, and your fame
s glorious as your merits, ſo prays,

*Noble Sir,*
*The honourer of your vertues*
*and Lover of your worth*

O. R.

## HIS ANSWER.

*Noble, and vertuous Lady,*

YOur vertues, and my conſcience, make
us as unworthy of your Husbands
aloulie, as he of ſo chaſte a wiſe as your
lf, and ſo true a friend, as I am: but as
our affections to him hath ſtill ſhined in
our loyaltie; So it muſt now in your pa-

tience, sith he, in this base passion of his, seeing his own shame, will at last assure find out your glorie. Had his folly revealed me so much as your discreet Letter, I would have exchanged my pen, to a sword, and with the hazard of my life, and loss of my dearest bloud, made known, as well to him as to the whole World, the truth, both of your chastitie and honour, and of mine honour, and innocencie, in the mean time, will both embrace, and obey your request and will mannage it with such observance to your Husband, such respect to your vertues and such regard to mine own reputation as I hope he shall rest satisfied, of your chastitie towards himself, and of mine to you, otherwise (I prize Ladies of your perfection, at so high a rate, and set one of his humour and inclination, at so low an esteem, that I well know how to answer his choller with contempt, and to requite your discretion, both with admiration and praise.

Madam,

*Your affectionate honourer in all noble essays.*

E. G.

## Cupids Advice, *to all Amouriſts.*

HE that would be more like a Tutor, than a Pupil, in the Art and School Love, muſt be ſo farr, from neglecting y, that he muſt curiouſly, and carefully ek all opportunities, and occaſions to joy the felicitie of his Miſtreſs company; muſt ſit and talk with her in her lodgings, ffer none to dance with her but himſelf, eet her at Church; and conſtantly ſeat mſelf, within the reach of her eye, and iefly (without great difficultie) let her ot be preſent any where, himſelf being ſent.

## *The third Section.*

*Though not frequently, yet sometimes it hath hapned, and may chance to fall out (in case the party affected, is either obdurate, or ignorant) that the Woman is forced to sue for the Love of the man; which harsh importunity, if a Virgin, or Widow be exposed to, She may manifest her self thus:*

*SIR,*

YOu have cause to think, that were not my affection intire and constant, I should not thus attempt, to reveal it you in lines, which blush not, as my cheeks do when I write them: I should offer too palpable violence, and injurie to the truth, I tell you not, that it is impossible for me to love any but your self, whom I no soone saw, but I deeply admired, and dearly affected: now since my zeal to you, is begun in ver tu

ertue, and ſhall be continued in honour, it
akes me flatter my ſelf with hope, that
ou will not enforce me to deſpair, for If I
m not ſo happy, as to be yours, I muſt be
unfortunate, never to be mine own. I
n prefix, and give bounds to my Letter,
ough not to my affection; hate not her,
ho loves you dearly, otherwiſe, whatſoever
ou think. I know your unkindneſs to me
ill be meer cruelty.

Sir, *I am yours, and none but yours*

C. S.

---

*he party affected, finding his inclination ſerves him to love his Love-ſick Miſtreſs (and reſolving to meet her fervour with equal flame) may return this anſwer.*

*Bright Miſtreſs,*

YOur vertue and beautie, is enough powerful to prevail with me, but our affection, which adds grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget all ther dehortive reſpects: I doubt not of he ſinceritie of your Interious, and in

this hope; I both rejoyce, and triumph that you shall not be my martyr, but m Mistress, and I will be both your Saint, ar your servant. For as you desire to live my favour, so my chiefest ambition, ar zeal, is to die in your affection: that whi Heaven makes me to affirm, earth cann force me to denie; I will shortly follow and second this my Letter, till when ar ever.

*I am (Dear Lady) Yours in all the bonds of Love*

N. Y.

---

*A Virgin, or Widow, having made her se sure to one Brother, and the other (notwiti standing) solicitous, for the attaining h love, may justly reprove him, thus*

*SIR;*

TO have offered this unkindness of you to your friend had been ignoble ingr titude, but to do it to your own Brothe can be no less than treachery, and therefo this know from me, that I esteem prim genito

genitorship, as inferior to your Brothers vertues, and they are in all respects, superior to yours; and had you not enjoyned me silence, ere you proposed your lewd desires, I would now presently publish it to the world, to the admiration, and detestation of all good men.

---

*The Lover having long born good will to a Nice (but beauteous) Gentle-woman, having opportunely met with her, thus expostulates.*

## A DIALOGUE (supposed) between JERANTHA, and INFORTUNIO.

*INFORTUNIO*, What are we grown (*Jerantha*,) night and day? must one still vanish at the others approach? of all the productions Cupid was ever yet famous for, this is the strangest issue.

*JERANTHA*, What, Sir?

*INFOR.* Your hate, *Jerantha*.

*JERAN.* You do mistake, if I do shun you, 'tis as bashful Debtors do their Cre-

ditors, I cannot pay you in the self same coyn, and am ashamed to offer any other.

*INFOR.* It is ill done (Lady) to plead bankrupt, when with such ease, you may be out of debt: in Loves dominions 'tis not as 'tis in other climes, native commodity is currant payment; change is all the trade, and heart for heart, the richest Merchandize.

*JERAN.* 'Twould here be of mean value (Sir) since mine would prove in your hands, but a counterfeit, and yours in mine, worth nothing: Sympathy, not greatness, is the sale of those Jewels.

*INFOR.* Sympathy, Oh, teach but yours to love then, and two so rich as ours, no mortal yet ere knew.

*JERAN.* That heart would love but ill, that must be taught; these fires (Sir) ought to kindle of themselves.

*INFOR.* But in such a cold and frozen place, as is your breast (Ladie) how should they kindle of themselves?

*JERAN.* Ask how the flint can carrie fire within it, 'tis the least miracle that Love can do.

*INFOR.* Thou art thy self the greatest miracle, for thou art fair to all perfection and yet dost want the greatest part of beautie,

tie, kindneſs; thy cruelrie (next to thy ſelf) above all things on earth, doth cauſe my wonder.

*JERAN.* Call not that cruelty, which is my fate, believe me (Sir,) the honeſt Swain, that from the brow of ſome ſteep cliff far off beholds a ſhip labouring in vain againſt the boyſtrous, and unruly winds, nere had leſs power, or more deſire to help than I: tell me but any paſſion, you would have (ſave Love) I have't in ſtore.

*Farewell Sir.*

*INFOR.* Farewell, cruel Miſtreſs.

---

*A friend hearing that one of his acquaintance is to marry with a Gentle-woman already affianced to another, gives him this notice by Letter.*

*Dear friend,*

BEing more jealous of your proſperitie than my own, and knowing, it many times, falls out, that Lovers loſe the clearneſs, and ſoliditie of their judgments, in gazing and contemplating on the Ro-



80

ſes, and Lillies of their Miſtreſſes beauties, I deſirous to prevent your diſgrace, thought my ſelf bound to ſignifie unto you, that I underſtand by the report of thoſe, whoſe ſpeeches bear their perſwaſions with them, that your ſuit, to *R. H.* is in vain, and ſhe unworthy your affection, becauſe ſhe hath already contracted her ſelf to *N. W.* your rival. I am ſorry to be the Herald of this news as glad and confident, that, as ſhe hath matched your inferiour, ſo you are reſerved for her better: wherefore Sir, recal your thoughts, tempt not impoſſibillities, and conſider that the ſhorteſt errous are beſt. I could give no truce to my thoughts, till I had advertiſed you hereof which having done I have no more to ſay, ſave that I am,

*Your affectionate friend*

R. C.

*The*

*The Lover, finding all his indeavours vain, and his sollicitations fruitless, his Mistress by no means being to be won to his embraces, and resolving to slight that which in coveting he cannot attain, may send her his resolution, thus:*

SInce, thou hast view'd some Gorgon, and grown a sollid stone
To turn again to softness, thy hard heart is past my Art.
Ye may relent to water in a thaw,
But stone, turn'd flesh, loves Chymistry ner'e saw,
Therefore by thinking on thy hardness, I will petrifie.
And so, within our double quarries wombe Digg our own Tombe.
Thus strangely wee'l, in spight of Fate agree,
And with our selv's, amaze the World to see
LOVE, and REVENGE in Sympathy consent
To make two Rocks, each others Monument.

*The Lover, being forced from his Miſtreſs eyes, into ſome other Countrey, thus complements with her by Letter.*

*Divine Miſtreſs;*

BY the ſame reaſon, the ancients made no ſacrifice to death ſhould your ſelf ſend me no Letters, ſince there has been no return on my ſide: but the truth is, the place affords nothing, all our days are (as the women here) alike, and the difference of FAIR, does rarely ſhew it ſelf; ſuch great ſtate, do beauty, and the Sun keep in theſe parts. I keep company with my own horſes (Miſtreſs) to avoid that of the men; all days are tedious; companies troubleſome, and books themſelves (feaſts heretofore) have no reliſh in them: finding you to be the cauſe of all this, excuſe me (Miſtreſs) if I reſent, and continue peremptory in the reſolution I have taken to be

*Dear Lady,*
*During life, your faithfull ſervant*

D. K.

HER

## HER REPLY.

*Sir,*

YOu could not imagine me doubly dull, and that I mix my Wine, more with Læthe, than Rock-water, if I should not proclaim my self sensible of your neglect hitherto; I thought once to have sent you, as a token of my Love, a Pen, Ink, and Paper, I cannot imagine, you have had the Palsie, or the Cramp, all this time, nor will I conceit, that your affection cooles towards me, and therefore you may perceive what small graduities are welcome to Children, and Women, in that I accept of this one Letter in lieu of all those, which I once thought my Love might have commanded from you. Sir, I long for nothing more than your presence, which may suffice (sure) to perswade you of my entire affection.

*Who am*
*Yours wholly to be disposed of*

M. B.

*A Souldier complementing with his Mistress, in a* Dialogue *(supposed) between* Millitario *and* Cypriana.

*MILLITARIO.* Why my Dear *Cypriana*, dost thou suspect my warm embraces, let hungry death, seise on my honour, ere it seise on me, if my breast entertained one thought unlawful.

*CIPRY.* Sir, I esteem you, a friend to vertue, and in that hope will cherish all your love.

*MIL.* In thy fair brow there's such a legend writ of timerous chastity, that it doth blind adulterous eyes, the mountain Ice congeal'd to Chrystal, is not so frosty chast as thy victorious Soul, which conquers man, and mans proud Tyrant passion: but I am too rough for Courtship, the harmony (which wanton peace instructs the tongue to make) I have forgot: trust me (bright maid) I love thee dearly, though I have found thy heart like pibble, smooth, but stony.

*CIPRY.* I have heard my Mother say, the youths of *England*, were ever prompt in wanton stealth, and sinful Arts, till time had given me assurance of your noble thoughts

'twa

'twas safe to doubt your Love, but now I wish I were more worthy, and then would prove more liberal of my self.

---

*A courteous Gentlewoman, [who hath a friend besides her husband] finding that her good man hath made a discovery of her escapes, may thus advertise her friend of the matter.*

*Dear, E.*

MY Husband hath discovered our affections, and is confident that I love thee, far better than himself, wherein as he is nothing deceived; So I conjure thee, by the preservation of thy fidelity and my honour, to forbear my house, and sight for some two months, in which interim, I will use my chiefest Art, and the utmost of my possible power, to calm the storms and tempests that jealousie hath raised in him: so be thou but as patient as I will be constant, and I hope a little time shall end our languishing, and again, work our contents, and desires, for though thou art absent from me, yet I am still present with thee, and albeit my husband hath my body, yet

yet none but thy self hath my heart, as Heaven knows, to whose best favour and mercy, I affectionately, and zealously recommend thee.

*Thy faithful friend*

A. H.

## HIS ANSWER.

*Beauteous, and dearest Mistress.*

I Am as sorrowful, that thy husband hath discovered our affections, as truly joyful, that thou lovest me far better than himself, wherefore, to prevent his jealousie, and equally to preserve my fidelity, with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know (sweet) that thy requests are my commands, and thy will shall eternally be my Law, in which regard I will refrain thy house, all the long prefixed time, and so forbear to see thee, but never to love thee, because thy sweet and Divine beauty is so deeply ingraven in my thoughts, and imprinted in my Soul, that the farther I transport my body from thee, the nearer my affection brings my heart to thee,

thee, I will add my chiefeſt wiſhes to thy beſt Art, and my beſt prayers to thy chiefeſt power, that a little time may work our content and deſires, but becauſe there is no torment nor death to languiſhing, nor no languiſhing to that of Love, therefore I ſhall think every moment a month, and every hour a year, before we again kiſs, and embrace: conceal this Letter of mine from all the World, with as much care and ſecreſie, as I ſend it thee, with fervent zeal, and tender affection.

*Sweeteſt happineſs,*

*thine humble and affectionate ſervant,*

R. K.

AN

## AN HYMENEAL APHORISM.

MEns fancies, and affections in Marriage are most times counselled, and led by the eye, as the eye is by the heart, some will prize, and affect beauty without *vertue*, others vertue without beauty, but where both meet and concurr, it doth not only please, but delight, and so joyntly sympathize, to make each other excellent.

---

*The Lover (having had much hope heretofore, to make his beloved Mistress his own, while she remained in a single capacity) now finding his Lady hath married another (being yet fetter'd in the Gyres of her love,) may thus greet her.*

*Mistress,*

I Will crave no other witness but your self, of my fervent love, and constant affection to you, for none can better testifie, how I always made it my chief care and ambition, to make the Dignity of my zeal answerable to that of thy beauty, and that this might be

be as truly immortal, as that is divinely rare, and rarely excellent, I have sealed it with some tears, so that although you have given your affection to *S.D.* yet my heart and Soul tells me, it is impossible to give mine to any, save your excellent self, and because you cannot be my wife, therefore be pleased to resolve to live my friend, as in requital, I will dye your servant. I confess, I am unworthy of your affection, much less to enjoy the sweet fruit thereof, your sweet self, yet because I can be no more than I am, therefore I pray you, make your self, as much mine as you may, your heart shall not be a truer Secretary to our affections, than my tongue; and for the times, and places of our meetings, I wholly refer it to thy will and pleasure, which mine shall ever carefully attend and religiously obey. I send you my whole heart inclosed in this Letter, and if you vouchsafe to return me a piece of yours in exchange, heaven may, but earth shall not cross our affection.

*Lady,*
*Your obsequious servant not*
*to be disobliged*
N. R.

If

*If the Gentlewoman, to whom the aforementioned (or the like) Letter is directed, be vertuous (as why should there not be some wives) and resolve not to infringe her marriage vow, she may return this answer.*

*Sir,*

IF you want any witness of your folly, not of your affection, your obstinate, and vain perseverance herein, of one, makes me capable to serve for many, and if you had been as truly careful, and ambitious of your own honour, as you faisly pretend to be of my poor beauty, you would not so often have sacrificed your shame to myglory, nor so sottishly have cast away your tears on my contempt; how you intend to dispose of your self, I neither desire to know, nor care to understand, but as I have given my Soul to God: So God hath given my heart to my husband, from whom neither the malice of Satans power, or the allurements of any in the World shall withdraw it, and therefore as I am *A. D.* his wife, I detest thy lustful suit, defying both it, and thy self, and thus to be thy friend, thou shalt find me thy friend: but for such servants

vants as thy self, I leave them to their own proper infamy, and repentance. I make God the Secretary of my actions, and my Husband of my affections, therefore it shall please me well, when I understand that thy tongue will recant thy folly, and thou repent thy indiscretion towards me, in seeking to erect the Trophies of thy lascivious lust, upon the ruin, of my pure, and candid honour, and I assure thee, that if hereafter thou fortifie not thy heart, with more religious, and less sinful desires, and affections, that Earth can, and Heaven will make thee as truly miserable, as thou now falsly thinkest thy self fortunate.

Farewell,

*The Detester of your lustful imaginations.*

C. P.

*A Maid, or Widow having deserted her Fathers house, and with her Lover (whom her Fathers blessing commands her not to affect) hath departed to some other Countrey, and there hath knit the nuptial-knot, may thus indeavour to pacifie her Father.*

The

## *The fourth Section.*

*Dear Father,*

ALthough the cauſe, and manner, of my departure, from you and your houſe, make me more worthy of your indignation than your pardon, yet when you ſhall pleaſe to remember that you are my Father, and my ſelf your only Child and Daughter, and that God, and his holy Church, hath of *B.L.* my friend now made him my husband, and alſo that for the term of, &c. I with tears, and prayers, came many times proſtrate to you, on my bended knees, to obtain your conſent thereunto, then I hope you will at leaſt excuſe, if nor wholly forget, and pardon this errour of mine, I beſeech you conſider, that as I came to my husbands bed a pure Virgin, ſo will I live and dye with him a chaſte wife, and that as this clandeſtine flight and marriage of mine, was the firſt, ſo it ſhall be

e the last Act of my disobedience towards ou: my husband will shortly second this Letter of mine to you, with his presence and will then commit that task to his tongue, which I have now obediently imposed, and commanded to my pen, and my prayers and hopes, and his promises, and vertues do assure me, that (in his respects and service to you) you shall ever find him to be, as much your servant, as your Son in Law. God ever prosper your age with health, and bless your health with prosperity, which shall ever be the prayer

*Of your most obediently devoted Daughter*

N. B.

---

*A Virgin (or Widow) being prohibited by her Father from the enjoyment of him whom she affects, and appointed by him to another, whom she can by no means fancy, may endeavour to mollifie the hardness of his temper thus:*

*Honoured Sir,*

ALthough my afflictions and sorrows are such, and so infinite that I am far more capable

capable to weep and sigh, than to breath, or speak them forth to you, yet I hold it my dutie, not my disobedience to acquaint you, that because Marriages are first made in heaven, before contracted, or consummated on earth, therefore being so happy, first to love *D. H.* before I was so unfortunate to see *G. S.* I hope it is the pleasure of God, that he hath ordained the first to be my Husband, and consequently my self, never to be wife to the second. I am proud in nothing, but in my humility, and obedience, and therein I hope I shall still, both triumph, and glory, and yet I far more undervalue *G. S.* his wealth, than you do *D. H.* his vertues, if then you will not for my sake, I humbly beseech you for Gods sake, to make me wife to *D. H.* and not to *G. S.* because my heart and mind tells me, that I shall be as happy in the company of the one, as miserable in that of the other: in granting me which just desired favour, and courtelie, my Soul shall become pledge, and caution for my heart, and my heart for my tongue, that you shall have no true cause, either to renounce me for your daughter, or to deny your self for my Father, and to conclude this my sorrowful, and humble speech, it is impossible for you to

wrong

oncerns us, and which I dare not commit
o pen and paper, for that the relation, and
nowledge thereof, needs no other witnesses
ut our selves, if you any way neglect this
y advice, or denie, or deferr this my re-
uest, the grief will be mine now, but the
rejudice and repentance, yours hereafter.
write these few lines, with infinite afflicti-
, and sorrow, which nothing can deface,
t your sight, nor remedy, but your pre-
nce, and when you come to me, prepare
ur heart and resolution to receive it from
, with far more tears then kisses.

*I am your sorrowfull*
*and disconsolate*

T. W.

*It happning that a Maid, or Widow, alread*
*contracted to another (now absent from her*
*some youth taking the advantage of his non*
*residency importunately courts her (havin*
*the assent of her friends) to marry her, sh*
*by no means liking thereof, inviteth h*
*true beloved home, thus:*

*Sweet* R. L.

I Had little thought, becauſe leſs deſerv'
that either profit, or preferment had be
dearer to thee, than my ſelf, for if my pe
beauty, or rich affection to thee, be of
low, and baſe an eſteem, as thou prefer
thy wealth, and reputation to it; the
am as miſerable, as I thought my ſelf hap
in my choice, and the ſweetneſs of my
fires and wiſhes, conſequently have end,
ſoon as they received a beginning, and if
ingratitude of thine, be not a crime, I k
not what a crime is, nor how, nor in v
terms to define, and determine ther
Judge therefore with thy ſelf (at leaſt if
art not wholly exempt of judgment
Love) what a poor half; yea, what a
art I am of thee, when by thy volu
ab

bſence thou wilt wholy reſign me up to nother, when, God and his Angels know, deſire nothing under Heaven ſo much as to ive, and die thy wife: come away therefore my Dear *T.* and my ſighs, and tears, and rayers, ſhall implore the winds, and Seas o prove propitious to thy ſpeedy return, nd blame not me, but thy ſelf, if thy abence, and my friends obſtinacie bereave ne of thee, and thee of me, which ſhall be ver pray'd againſt,

*By thy truly affectionate, and longing Lover*

N. D.

## HIS REPLY.

*Deareſt Dear,*

THy ſweet beauty, and rich affection and conſtancie, ſhall not only command my reſolution, but my ſelf, and it is mpoſſible, either for my profit, or reputaion, to give, but to receive a Law there-

of; for thy requests, being to me commands, and consequently thy felicitie, and miserie equally mine, I will therefore shorten and hasten, the time of my stay, and so convert a whole year into few months: it is not all the treasure of Turky, or the Indies, which shall keep me from enjoying thy society, in whose Divine cheeks, and eyes, my heart hath imparadized all my most soveraign earthly felicitie. I come my sweet, &c. and if I want winds, or seas, to bring me to thy blessed presence, my sighs shall increase the one, and my tears supply, and augment the other to effect it; prepare therefore thy heart and eyes, to see me, and salute me, as I do mine arms, and lips, to embrace, and kiss thee, and I both hope, and rest confident, that my prayers and constancy, seconded by thine, will make thy friends obstinancie vain, and prove his attempts (who ever he is) fruitless, that indeavours to supplant me, who art already mine by choice and promise.

*Dearest Dear, Thy eternal Lover*

M. O.

*Two*

*Two Gentlemen in discourse, if the one happen to mention his Mistress, and the other be desirous, to take him from her Love, they may thus expostulate.*

## A DIALOGUE.

### (Supposed) between JULIO and MERCARIO.

*JULIO.* I Was a fool to think, that death only kept doors, of ill paid Love, when, or disdain, or spite could let me out as well.

*MERCARIO.* Right, were I as you, it should no more trouble me, to free my self from Love, then to spit out that, which made me sick.

*JULIO.* I'le tell her so, that she may laugh at me, as at a Prisoner, threatning his Guard, that he will break loose, and so is made the faster: she hath charms (my friend) can fetch in a rebellious heart, even while it is conspiring libertie, oh she hath all the vertues of her Sex, and not the vices; chaste, and unsullied, as first opening Lillies, or untouch'd Buds.

*MER.* Chaste, why do you honour me, because I throw not my self off, from some precipice? 'tis her ruin to be otherwise, though we blame those that kill themselves, we praise not him that keeps himself alive, and deserves nothing.

*JULIO.* And 'tis the least, she does triumph when she does but appear, I have as many rivals, as beholders.

*MER.* All that increases but our jealousies, if you have now such qualms for that you have not, what will you have, for that you shall possess.

*JULIO.* Dull Heretick, know, I have these, because I have not her, when I have her, I shall have these no more: her fancie now, her vertue, then will govern, and as I use to watch, with doubtful eye, the wavering Needle in the best Sun-dial, till it has setled, then the trouble's o're, because I know, when it is fix't, 'tis true: so here my doubts appear at once before me. Sure (friend) Crown'd Conquerours, are but the types of lovers, who enjoy, & really possess what the other have in dreams. I'le send a challenge to this friend of hers.

*MER.* Do, and be thought a Madman, to what purpose if she love him, she will but hate you more for such an act: Lovers

vers in favour (friend *Julio*) are Gamester in good fortune, the more you set them, the more they get.

*JULIO.* I'le run the hazard, let's to the next Tavern.

*MER.* I wait on you.

---

*An old Gentleman, sometime suiter to a young Lady (at the request of some of her friends as also conscious of his own imbecillity) being desirous to make a handsome retreat, may thus epistolize to his* quondam *Mistress.*

*Lady,*

BEing heretofore informed by your Brother *D. L.* of your Dear affection to *Z. H.* and your constant resolution, to make him your Husband, I held my self bound out of due regard to you, and firm promise to him, to surcease my suite to you, and (because the shortest errours are ever best) no more to strive, to make impossibilities possible, in persevering to seek you in Marriage, whom I see, Heaven and Earth have conspired) another must obtain, and enjoy: and when I look from my age to

your youth, and from that to the handsomnes of *D. P.* I am so far from condemning your choice, that I both approve, and applaud it, praying you to be as resolute in this confidence, as I am confident, in this resolution, that my best prayers, and wishes, shall ever wish you the best prosperities, God hath endewed you with a double happines, in giving you an excellent wit, to second and embellish your exquisite beautie, whereunto if in this business, you take the advice of your best friend *D. P.* and follow that of your noble Brother *S. E* you will then have no cause to doubt, but all the reasons in the world, to assure your self, that your affections, and fortunes, will in the end succeed, according to my prayers, and your merits, and expectation.

*Lady I am, the real honourer of your many perfections*

F. R.

The

## *The Ladies Reply.*

*Noble Sir*,

WHat my Brother *S. E.* informed you, concerning *D. P.* and my self, was the very truth and sinceritie of those affections, wherewith God hath inspired our hearts, and setled our affections and resolutions, each to other; as I was never doubtful of your well-wishes and Love, so now, I am not a little thankful to you, for your dear respect towards me, in approving my choice, and although my poor beautie, and silly wit, do no way deserve the praises of your pen, yet my heart shall consult with my Brother *D. P.* how to bear my self in this so weighty, and important a busines, whereon I know depends, either, my future content, or affliction; in the mean time, as I will pray for those, who vitiously hate me, so I will honour those, who vertuously affect and honour me, of which last number, I ingeniously, and gratefully acknowledge, that your generositie, and not my merits, hath condignly made you one: with reason therefore may I write my self

*Your honourer*

I. M.

*If any Gentleman have occasion to describe a rare beauty, he may lim'n her forth, by the pattern of this* Venus.

OF stature indifferent tall
but very straight, and slender;
Her hair, either of a deep Chesnut colour,
Or light black;
Her complexion, and tincture of an amorous, and lovely brown,
Or of a Roseat, and Lilly die
(Rather fat than lean;)
Her eyes (those two resucent Lamps, and Stars of Love)
Black, and piercing;
Her front, lips, neck, and paps,
no way detracting.
The first, the promontory of the GRACES.
The second, the residence of delight and pleasure.
The Third, the Pyramides of State, and Majestie.
The fourth, the Hills, and Valley of Love.
The rest of her bright bodie to explain
'Tis left, until Apelles live again.

A

*A Gentleman having made a very hot onset, and yet (of his own accord) stopping in the midst of his carreer, the Gentlewoman, whose Daughter he once protested so much Love to, inquires the occasion of his suspension, thus:*

*Sir,*

I Am wholy ignorant, why you thus forsake your affection, and sute to my Daughter, whereof before I am resolved by you, I have many reasons to suspect, and think, that it was as feigned as your promises, and Oaths, pretended it to be fervent, sure I am, that as envy cannot eclipse the fame of her vertues towards the World, so truth dares not contradict the sincerity of my well wishes, and affection towards you, in desiring to make you her Husband, and she your wife; her poor beauty (which you so often swore you deeply admired and adored) hath lost no part of its lustre, but it is the same still, and so am I, who have ever wished, and ever will faithfully desire, that of all men in the World, your self only may live to enjoy it; if you think her affection be bent any other way, be

be assured she must, and shall be obedient to my vote, or if you imagine her portion too small, you shall command an augmentation, if you send me your answer hereunto, I shall take it for an argument of your unkindness, but if you come your self, it shall much oblige,

Sir,
*Her that Loves*
*and respects*
*you*

A. Y.

---

*The Gentleman, having heard a certain relation of his Mistress lightness, or otherwise being diffident, &c. and yet not willing to certifie the true cause of his slackness, may return this answer.*

*Mistress,*

THough you suspect my sincerity, yet if you will believe the truth, you shall find, that the affection, which I intended towards your Daughter, was fervent, not feigned, and becaufe you are desirous to know the

the reasons, why I forbear to seek her in Marriage, I can give you no other but this, that I know she is too worthy to be my Wife, and believe that I am not worthy enough to be her Husband; for your affection, in desiring my self hers, and she mine in Marriage, I can give you no other requital but thanks, I assure you, that if hers to me, had equalized mine to hers, I should then thankfully have taken, and joyfully received her with a far less portion, then you would have given me with her: to your self I wish much prosperity, and to your Daughter all her happiness. I must return you this as my final answer, and whether you make it an argument of my unkindness, or affection, in pleasing your self, you shall no way displease.

*Your servant*

*P. R.*

*Some*

*Some Captains having lighted upon a convey of [perfum'd] Citizens, if they please may make use of this Method to cajole them.*

## A DIALOGUE,
(Supposed) between MARTINO and CORFLAMBO, and BRICKETTO, and BRAGADOCHIO.

*This* Dialogue *is intended chiefly, for the reprehension of the new race of Roysters, who wear Swords (as they do their Cod-piece colours) only for show.*

*BRAG.* WEe'l take our leaves Gentlemen.

*PRICK.* Yes faith, I must get the Maidenhead of a new su'te of Sattain, e're I sleep.

*CORFLAM.* Nay, nay, stay Gentlemen, let us forget old quarrels, and then end our new acquaintance, we are for the Countrey, you for the City, Ile but tell you a few of your faults, and leave the amendment to your own leasures, but you both think you are wiser then I.

*BRA-*

*BRAGA.* We should be sorry else.

*PRICK.* And abuse our judgements to boot.

*COR.* We are for the defence of the Common-wealth of *England*, you for the offence of the Common-wealth of Coxcombs, *viz.* young Heirs, whose Estates you blow up with sweet powder, *&c.* mark this, (this is called the new thrift) when you are loath to maintain, *&c.* you publish your selves with your own praise; not a word, lest I return you a blow, I know you cannot speak without a complement.

*MAR.* They use it in their prayers, I have known one of these, who in one single complement, so wasted his Lungs, that I was fain to call for *Aquavitæ*, to recover his breath.

*CORFLAM.* I have heard, you have transported the Geometrical crindge, and the Art of numbring the hairs upon your chins.

*MARTI.* Of starching your beards, and perfuming your very shadows, they say it is your custom, to sleep in Pomatum Masks, and that you paint you pretty visnomies.

*CORFLAM.* Yes, and colour them so

so red, that you seem to blush more then the sign of the Kings head, before a Countrey Inn.

*MAR.* You abuse Astrologie too, for you clip black Taffata into stars, for a foil to your beauty, and fix them in several regions of your face, which make you look like the picture of Doomsday, when all the Planets are darkned.

*COR.* Leave your jigging motion, when you mix your selves in a salute, your bodies seem to daunce upon your knees.

*MAR.* You pinion up your elbowes (thus,) like Pullets truss'd upon a spit, then wreath your ham's in (thus;) with a discreet leasure, as if you ment to number all the pibbles in the street, and then fleer, as if you had wash'd your gums in Vinegar, this you admire for gesture of the newest fashion.

*COR.* I say 'tis scurvy, for he that greets a Lady so, looks like a Sope-boyler upon a close-stool.

*BRA.* This we must hear, and laugh at.

*PRICK.* This is something too sawcy tho'.

*MAR.* When you take Physick for your Souls health, retire into that part of the Kingdom, that lies fartheſt from *France*.

*COR*

*COR.* He counsels well, the *French* air hath made many of our Gentry drunk, and now move, but with your lips sow'd up, for fear of a SWORD COMPLEMENT; you [*Martino*] shall straight take horse with me (towards *Callidonia*) and be billited in my Quarter, so God be with thee.

*PRICK.* Farewel, and be, *&c.*

---

*A Maid, or Widow, being sick, or discontented for the absence of her betrothed Love, her Father may thus certifie the tardy Lover.*

*Sir,*

YOu do your self no right, but me and my Daughter infinite wrong, in staying so long from, *&c.* in regard it is contrary to my expectation, and to her deserts and merits, for her affection is so entire, and fervent to you, because she conceives, and hopes that yours (in requital) is so to her, that she hath this many months languished in expectation of your return, whereof now beginning to despair, that despair of her hath struck her into so dangerous a sickness, that I fear it will shortly prove fatal to her, for already the Lillies have banished the Roses of her

her Cheeks; yea, her Cheeks are grown thin, and those sparkling Stars her eyes, have lost a great part of their wonted lustre and glory, so that if thy affection will not, yet pity should move thee, to hasten thy return to see, and comfort her: how can you answer for this her sickness to your honour (which is occasioned by your unkindness) I know not, but sure I am, if she go to her grave before you come to her, you can never sufficiently answer it to your conscience, nor your conscience to Heaven: in her sick bed, you are the only Saint, to whom she offereth her Devotions, and therefore it will be a miserable ingratitude in you, to permit her to dye your Martyr.

*Sir,*

*Your friend to serve you*

K. H.

A

*A Gentleman, having a Competitor with him in his Mistress favour (to his great discontent) may indeavour to perswade his rival to a* quietus *thus, by Letter,*

*Sir,*

WEre you informed, but of the hundred part of my Dear affection to the fair young Lady *N. Y.* and reciprocally of hers to me, thou would'st (if not out of honour, yet out of judgement) surcease thy suite to her, and not make thy obstinacy ridiculous, by thinking to obtain her for thy wife, and though she feed thee with the sugar, of many sweet protestations to the contrary; yet, if I have any eyes in my head, or thou judgement in thine to discern the truth hereof thou mayst certainly conclude that she only plays with thee, for her sport, and wert thou not a Gentleman, whom I love for thine own honour, and for thy Fathers sake, I had not so long permitted thee to frequent her company, nor so often to converse with her, to the prejudice of my content, and thy discretion: and if the friendly Ambassadour of my heart, my letter, will not yet induce thee to leave her to me, who

whom Heaven and Earth, God, and her Parents have given me, I will then take that order with thee, as ſhall redound as much to my honour, as to thy infamy and diſreputation, ſo

(Sir,) *I am*
*Your friend, or enemy*
*as you pleaſe to*
*uſe me*

M. R.

SPARE

AMARANTHA.

It is the cuſtom I confeſs, of the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *England*, to uſe Gentlemen with too much reſpect, rather than too little favour, eſpecially thoſe Gentlemen, who favour more of honour than vanity, if therefore I have any way wronged mine own judgment, in ſuſpecting, or not acknowledging your merits, I know, I am yet as worthy of your excuſe, as of your reprehenſion, and for the future ſhall deſire to give you the reſpect due to your worth. I muſt confeſs your perſon is not deſpicable in my eyes; pleaſe Sir to deſcend, and take a turn, or two in the Garden, it ſhall not be long, ere I attend you there.

ROMEO.

Your humbleſt ſervant.

*The Father having notice that his son is linked to the Love of a (seeming) Virgin, but a real Courtesan, for whose sake he neglects the Love of a chaste, and fair young Gentlewoman, thus signifies his thoughts to his son, by Letter.*

*SON,*

IT is out of a fatherly, and (as I may say) a religious care of thy good, that I now send thee these few ensuing lines, for thy youth cannot see, that which my age knows, how many miseries are subject to wait; and attend on vice, and how many blessings on vertue: if *D. C.* be not fair, yet she is comly, not contemptible, why should thy affection prefer *E. B.* before her, who hath nothing but a painted face, to overvail the deformitie of her other vices? if thou wilt leave a Saint, to marry a strumpet, then take *E. B.* and forsake *D. C.* but if thou wilt forsake a strumpet, and marry a Saint, then take *D. C.* and leave *E. B.* for look what difference there is between their births, thou shalt find ten times more between the chastitie of the one, and the levitie of the other: if thou espouse the first, thou shalt find content and honour, if the second shame, and

and repentance, for I know not whether *D. C.* will bring thee more happiness, or *E. B.* misery, this Letter shall serve as a witness, betwixt God, my self, and thee, that if thou perform me not thy promise and Oath, I will deny thee my blessing, and deprive thee of my Lands.

*Thy afflicted Father*
*for thy folly*

N. S.

---

*A Virgin, or Widow, being already contracted to the younger Brother, and the elder (countenanc'd by her Father) very desirous to snatch his Brother's prize, may thus give notice to her affected Lover by Letter.*

*My Dear,*

MY promise owes you this Letter, whereby I give you to understand, that I know not whether you have greater cause to love me, or to hate your Brother



99

*N. F.* in regard he vows, he affects me dearer than your self, and hath attempted to rob you of your wife, and consequently me of my Husband, and as this is ingratitude in a friend, it must needs be treachery in a Brother. I have heard his Courting, and seen his Complements, tending that way, but for your sake I relish those with disgust, these with neglect, and himself, with contempt and disdain. He hath won my Father to his will, but rest you confident (my Dear) that he neither can, nor shall draw me to his desire, and because true affection; especially in accidents of this nature, connot still be exempt of fear, therefore if any arise, or ingender in your thoughts, let this dissipate, and dispel it, that although my Father desire not your presence, yet his daughter is till death constantly resolved to retain and cherish you in her heart, and none but you. Manage this advice with discretion towards my Father, and not with Coller towards your Brother, and be but a little time a patient spectator of my affection, and constancie to you, and you shall assuredly see him act his own shame, and your glory, his affliction,

on, and your content; and delire, which is the earneſt with of

*Your fidelious, and entirely affectionated*

K. V.

## HIS REPLY.

*Dear Miſtreſs,*

OF all men of the world, I leaſt thought that my Brother *N. F.* would have proved my rival in attempting to love you, becauſe he knows, I affect you far dearer than the whole world; yea, this error (or as you juſtly term it, this treachery) of his is ſo odious, ſo ſtrange to me, as it had far exceeded my belief, if your affection, and conſtancie had not ſo courteouſly revealed it to me in your Letter, neither is it any thanks to him, that he is fruſtrated of his deſires in miſſing you, rather to your vertuous ſelf, which diſtaſted his Courting, and Complements for his own ſake, and diſdained him for mine. Dear ſweet, in that my Brother hath won your Father,

I exceedingly grieve, but in that I have not loſt his daughter, I far more triumph and rejoyce, I will ſtill obſerve your Father with reſpect, till he refuſe to reſpect me with obſervance, and for my ingratefull, and treacherous Brother, he may act his own ſhame and affliction, but cannot conduce to content, or deſire, becauſe they moſt ſoly proceed from you ſelf, ſith in the ſweet enjoying of you to my wife, conſiſts the only content of my life, and the chiefeſt of all my earthly felicitie.

*Dear, and ſweet Miſtreſs, I am your obſequious and loyal Lover,*

A. H.

A

*A Gentleman having formerly been at cost (in his wild days) with a Gentlewoman, whom he affected, who notwithstanding deserted him, and entred into amity with another (meeting her accidently in a Tavern on the exchange, or in the street) may thus tax her, and she thus answer him.*

## A DIALOGUE.

(Supposed) between VALERIO, and SCOLOPENDRA.

### VALERIO.

OH! Mistress *Scolopendra*, the purblind Goddess be praised for this happy interview, I thought mountains might have met, ere you and I have entred into Dialogue; what sullen fate hath practised a Divorce, betwixt your (once protested) Love, and my (firm fixed) loyalty.

### SCOLOPENDRA.

*Sir*, This is no place for Disputation, all the answer, I can, or will render to your Quere, is, My mind is totally altered from what it was, nor am I out of conceit with

you alone, but with the whole race of all mankind, from whom I deſire ever to be ſecluded, deaf to their ſollicitations, dull to their invitations, dumb to their orations, and dead to their provocations.

VALERIO.

Sure, the world hath not long to its diſſolution; why Ladie? I knew the time when you were all theſe by contraries: whoſe ears were more open to ſolicitations? who more nimbly faſtned on invitations, and who more avaritiouſly ſwallowed provocations than your ſelf? I joy to hear of your pious Metamorphoſis, and ſince it is ſo, I know you have no further uſe of the Diamond Rings, the Bracelets, the ſundry ſorts of Gowns, variety of Petticoats, the Cawls, the Gorgets, *&c.* which you know I once purchaſed for you at a dear rate, expecting in liew thereof the fruition of your Love with duration, what can you anſwer?

SCOLOPENDRA.

By Heaven Sir, what I then proteſted I did reſolve to perform punctually, but who

who can withſtand the decree of deſtiny, and the force of fate, or rather the will of the moſt high immortal truth.

VALERIO.

Hold thou *Hyená*, were it not that I once loved thee, and deſire ever to demonſtrate the honour I bear to that Sex (whoſe ſhame thou art) I would have thee here baited to death, by the whooting of Prentice boys. Do I not know thou walloweſt in wanton ſweats with *T. I.*——

SCOLOPENDRA.

Oh! Sir, for his ſake, that hath made the world.——

VALERIO.

Avaunt ſtrumpet, thy own guilt be thy puniſhment, the curſe of *France*, and the Plaiſter perfumes of an Hoſpital, be thy beſt ſolace.

## The fifth Section.

*An ancient Gentlewoman, having married a sprightly young man, who (because of her jealousie, and other occurrent accidents depending thereof retired himself from her, the old Woman having a great desire to have his society again, may thus solicit him by Letter.*

*Dear Husband,*

SInce at your request, I have both recanted my jealousie to you, and repented my cruelty to my Maid *G.* What have I committed, or done, that should cause this your ingrateful, and (as I my truly say) heartkilling departure, for having made a most exact scrutiny into my thoughts and Soul, either of them inform me, & both assure me, that the freeness and fervencie of my affection towards you, deserve not so cruel, but a far more courteous requital, if my age be any

any way displeasing to your youth, yet deprive me not of the felicitie of your sight, and presence, wherein I not only delight, but glory, and although I can be content, that you surfet with my wealth, yet make me not so miserable, as to starve both, in, and for your presence, for if any have given you any sinister, or false impressions, either of my self, or actions, if your affection to me will not deface them, at least let your pitie; yea, return my sweet, and dear Husband, and what errours, or faults soever, you say I have committed, I will not only redeem them with kisses, but with tears.

*Your sorrowfully dejected wife*

P. R.

## A WOOING SCENE,
Directions to wooe, in a
## DIALOGUE.

(Suppoſed) between RHODOLINDA, and RODERIGO.

*The Lover reſolving to lay cloſe ſiege to his Miſtreſs chaſtity begins, thus:*

RODERIGO.

LAdy, I do extreamly affect, and ſhall ever honour you.

RHODOLINDA.

Sir, if you honour me, be aſſured I ſhall reſpect you; nay, affect you.

RODERIGO.

In the way of love (Lady.)

RHODOLINDA.

In that of honour (Sir,) I will not be mine own but yours.

RO-

RODERIGO.

I will in all affection, both live and dye, your servant.

RHODOLINDA.

I will in all chastity live, to dye your hand-maid.

RODERIGO.

Lady, I can be no more yours (in heart) then already I am.

RHODOLINDA.

Nor I less yours in lust, then I am.

RODERIGO.

It is my love that makes my report so much.

RHODOLINDA.

And it is my fear, which makes me affirm no less.

RO-

RODERIGO.

Why ſhould my love procure your fear.

RHODOLINDA.

My fear is wholy ingendred, and derived from your luſt, not from your love.

RODERIGO.

I pray expreſs your ſelf.

RHODOLINDA.

My bluſhes may, but my tongue dares not.

RODERIGO.

Did your affections equalize mine, *Rhodolinda*, would accept of *Roderigo*, and not refuſe him.

RHODOLINDA.

Nay, did *Roderigo* know, how infinitly mine exceeds his, he would not refuſe *Rhodolinda*

*dolinda*, but accept of her, I mean in the safe, and honourable way of marriage.

RODERIGO.

Here then I put a period to all inordinate resolves, the morrows Sun, shall us two, make one.

---

*The Lover finding his Mistress is hurried away (purposely) from his Society, thus discourseth with her by Letter.*

*Beauteous, and dearly esteemed Mistress,*

HOw justly may I term my self unfortunate, since I am inforced to be miserable, e're I know what belongs to happiness, for if ever I found any content, or heaven upon earth, it was only in thy sweet presence, which thy sudden absence, and unexpected exile, hath made at least my Purgatory, if not my Hell; judge fairest, what a matchless grief it is to my heart, and a heart killing terrour to my thoughts, that I must live alone in, *&c.* without thee, but if I have any sense, or shaddow of comfort in this my calamity, it only consists in this, that as thou carried'st

ried'ſt away my heart with thee, ſo thou wilt vouchſafe to return me thine in thy Letter, by a reciprocal requital and exchange, for if thou neither bring me thy ſelf, nor ſend me that, I may be ſought in, &c. but found no where but in *Elizium*, were I priviledged by thy conſent much more authorized by thy command, I would ſpeedily rather fly, then poſt to thee, for, fair, and dear Miſtreſs, as thou art my ſole joy, and ſoveraign felicity, ſo whilſt I breath this air of life, thy will ſhall be my law, thy command my compaſs, and thy pleaſure my reſolution.

*Deareſt Dear, I am thine wholy to be diſpoſed of*

E. W.

## HER ANSWER.

*Dear heart,*

IT is for none, ſave our ſelves, to judge how equally we participate, and ſhare of miſery, in being deprived of each others preſence, thou termeſt my abſence, either thy Purgatory, or thy Hell, and my afflictions, and

and torments for thine are so great, and withal so infinite, as I have all the equity, and reason of the World to repute them, not only one, but both, yet since fate hath so decreed that we must be seperated, refrain awhile, and let thy journey hither to me, be ended ere begun, and yet with this proviso and condition. That the cause thereof, thy affection to me, be begun, never to be ended, and think that my stay, and exile here shall be as short as either my best Art in my self can invent, or truest zeal to thee suggest, in which interim, let us solace our selves, and visit each other by the Ambassadours of our hearts, I mean our Letters, and this resolve (my dear) that during our absence, while thou dost feast on my *Idea*, I will not fail to surfet on thine.

*Heaven knows, (as thy heart*
*I hope also is witness) that*
*I am thy entire affectionate, and longing Lover*

K. C.

*The* Chamber-maid *and the* Butler, *having passed the night merrily, toward morning enter into*

## A DIALOGUE.

### *BUTLER.*

LOok, by this light day, the time has stoln from us strangely.

### CHAMBER-MAID.

By this light (say'st thou) 'tis day? not by this, by t'other? 'tis indeed.

### BUTLER.

Thou art such another piece of temptation, my Lord raves by this time for his cup of Pur'le.

### CHAMBER-MAID.

Fy upon thee, thou art as fearful as a young Colt; bogleſt at every thing, as if Lovers had considered houres, I'le peep in. ——

BUT-

BUTLER.

I am as weary of this Wench, as if I were Married to her, she hangs upon me like an Ape upon a Horse, she's as common too, as a Barbers glass, conscience't too, like a Dy-lapper.

CHAMBER-MAID.

There's no body within, my Lady sleeps this hour at least.

---

*A Gentleman, or Merchant, having had (already) some small intimacy with some Virgin, or Widow beyond the Seas, whom he dearly loves, (she upon some emergent occasion being forced to withdraw herself from that Town, or City, where he first saw her, and she lately resided) may thus salute her by Letter.*

*Dearly loved Mistress,*

AS long as you were in, *&c.* I deemed it a Heaven upon Earth, and being bound for, *&c.* a thousand times blest that contrary wind, which kept me from sayl-

ing

ing from you; yea, ſo ſweetly did I affect and ſo dearly honour your beauty, as I entred into a reſolution with my ſelf, to end my voyage, ere I began it, and to begin another which I fear will end me. If you demand, or deſire to know what this ſecond voyage is know fair Miſtreſs that my thoughts are ſo honourable, and my affection ſo religious, that it is the ſeeking of your favour, and the obtaining your ſelf to my wife, whereon not only my fortunes; but my life depends, but how ſhall I hope for this honour, or flatter my ſelf with the obtaining ſo great a felicity, when I ſee you have not only left me, but which is worſe, the City for my ſake; if your cruelty will make me thus miſerable, I have no other conſolation left me, to ſweeten the bitterneſs of my grief, but a confident hope, that death will as ſpeedily deprive me of my days, as you have of my joys.

*Divine Lady, I am yours to be diſpoſed of either, for life, or death.*

R. L.

THE

entertain me as your hand-maid, and I most humbly, and religiously beseech you, to think, and consider to what great wants and necessity I am now reduced, since I write you this Letter, rather with tears then Ink; Heaven direct your hearts to my relief and consolation, as mine is eternally to all possible respect and duty.

*Your languishing, and (almost) dying Daughter*

N. E.

---

*If the Parents, to whom this supposed Letter is directed (for divers reasons, best known to themselves) will by no means hearken to the desires of their Daughter, but resolve she shall suffer for her folly, they may return her this answer.*

*N.*

IF thy husband prove not to thy liking, thou hast just reason to thank thy self, and to condemn thy own disobedience in chusing, and if his affection be so soon forgotten, or frozen to thee, it is a just punishment

niſhment of God, becauſe thine was ſo firſt to us, whereof as that is the effect, ſo doubtleſs this is the prime, and original cauſe thereof, and as his vices, and prodigallity hath ſpent all his eſtate, ſo I have not ſo little judgement (to which thy Mother alſo agrees) to allot mine to redeem it (though thou haſt ſo ſmall underſtanding to think ſo) which (upon the whole) were then to imitate, and ſecond him in his folly, and conſequently to make thy Mother and my ſelf guilty, in conſuming it, and becauſe thou fleddeſt with him, without our knowledge from *G.* to *Y.* and didſt there marry him without our conſent, therefore it is neither thy grief nor miſery, or thy ſhame and repentance, which ſhall induce us, either to reſpect, or pity thee as our Daughter, or which is leſs, to relieve, and entertain thee as our hand-maid. The beſt advice, and counſel, which we can, or will give thee, is that thou continually direct thy prayers to God for thy relief, and conſolation, and herein thou wilt then ſerve thy ſelf, pleaſe us, and glorifie him, and as thou regardeſt mine, or thy Mothers commands, let us neither ſee thee, or hereafter hear any more of thy vain, and fooliſh Letters.

*Thy Father L.D. thy Mother K.D.*

*A pathetical dissuasion (to be used by any, as occasion serves, either by speech, or writing) when they would make a letcherous old Woman, who is mad for a young Husband (the condition of too many of our times) sensible of her sottishness, &c.*

*Doting, dying old woman,*

IS this a time for thee to think of a young Husband, when one of thy old feet, is as it were in the grave, or being in thy Climacterical year, of three-score and three, art thou yet so fraughted with levity, and destitute of constancy, as thou wilt needs seek to marry one of five and twenty? If it be now time; yea, high time for thee to sacrifice thy desires to continencie, what makest thou in this gawdy Gown, this fair hair'd Periwig, and these youthful tires? did'st thou resolve to wed a Husband near of thine own age, and so to end the remainder of thy days with him, in chaste, and holy wedlock, that resolution of thine were as excusable as this is worthy, not only of blame, but of hissing at. Consider, consider with thyself, what a prepostrous attempt, and enterprize this is, that when thou should'st



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finish thy days in devotion, thou then delightest to begin them in concupiscence: if there be yet any spark of thy youth, which lies burning under the Embers of thy Age: if thy chaste thoughts cannot, yet let modesty, or at least pietie extinguish them: hitherto the chastity of thy youth hath made thee happy, and wilt thou now permit that the lust of thine Age shall make thee unfortunate? of a grave Matron, wilt thou become a youthful Gigglet? if thou wilt not permit the eyes of thy bodie, at least permit those of thy Soul, to look from thy painted cheeks, to thy snow white hair, who can inform, and tell thee, that thou art fitter for Heaven then Earth.

---

## *AN EPIGRAM,*

### *To the old* Woman.

HOw fain, thou beautiful would'st seem to be,
How dost thou daunce, and drink audaciously.
How, unto wanton Cupid, dost thou seek

With

With palſied note, he in the beauteous cheek
Of the now freſhly colour'd Northern wench,
And throughly skill'd in prick-ſong do's intrench,
For haſtie he, over the drie Oaks flee'th,
And runs from thee, 'cauſe thou haſt rotten teeth,
Becauſe that thoſe thy wrinkles, and the ſnow
Upon thy head, do vitiate thee ſo.
Nor Tyrian purples now, nor gliſtring ſtones
Can fetch again thoſe times to thee, which once
The winged day, hath very firmly cloſed,
In memorable Regiſter diſpoſed,
Now luſty youths, behold with mirth enough,
Thy Taper waſted to a very ſnuff.

*A Virgin, or Widow (after much suit being won) resolving to be joyned with her Lover in wedlock, writes him this comfortable Letter.*

*Dear Sir,*

AS it is not for earth to resist heaven, nor for our wills to contradict providence, so I cannot deny, but now acknowledge that if ever I affected any man, it is your self, for your letters, protestations and vows, but chiefly your merits, and the hope or rather the assurance of your fidelity, hath won my heart from my self to give it you, but there are some important considerations and reasons, that enforce me to crave your secresie herein, and to request you as soon as conveniently you may, to come privately, hither to me, for I shall never give content to my thoughts, or satisfaction to my mind, till I am made joyful with your sight, and happy with your presence.

*Dear Sir,*
*Your affectionately devoted*

A. R.

CON-

# CONCEITED COMPLEMENTS,

Very delightful in a

## DIALOGUE.

(Suppoſed) between ANTONIO, and THOMASO.

THOMASO.

THink you it is not then thoſe little jealouſies and fears, joy mixt with doubt, and doubt revived with hope that Crown all love with pleaſure? theſe are loſt when once we come to a full fruition, like waking in the morning, when all night our fancie has been fed with various, and pleaſing Ideas.

ANTONIO.

I grant you (Lady) that the fears, and joys, hopes, and deſires, mixt with diſpairs and doubts, do make the ſport in Love, I know they are the very Dogs, by which we hunt the Hare, but as the Dogs would ſtop, and ſtraight give over, were

not the Game ſtill in their ſcent, though not in their profeſſion, ſo would our paſſions: both alike muſt be fleſh'd in the chaſe.

THOMASO.

Will you then place the happineſs but there, where the dull Plowman, and the Plowmans horſe can find it out? ſhall ſouls refin'd not know how to preſerve alive a noble flame, but let it die, I mean burn out to appetite?

ANTONIO.

Love's a Chamelion, and would live on aire, Phyſick for agues, ſtarving is his food.

THOMASO.

Why, there is not a greater Epicure lives on earth. (Sir,) I have been in his privie Kitchin, and ſeen his bills of fare.

ANTONIO.

How (ſweet Lady)

THO-

THOMASO.

A mighty Prince, and full of curioſity, hearts newly ſlain, ſerv'd up, entire, and ſtuck with little arrows, inſtead of cloaves, ſometimes a cheek plump't up with broth, with cream, and claret mingled for ſawce and round about the diſh Pomegranate kernels, ſtrew'd on leaves of Lillies, he hath for his covered diſhes (of Jene-ſtrays,) and Marmalade of lips, perfum'd by breath ſweet as the Beans firſt bloſom's.

ANTONIO.

Rare, and what drink to all this meat (Ladie?)

THOMASO.

Nothing but Pearle-diſſolv'd tears ſtill freſh fetch'd from Lovers eyes, which if they chance to be warm in the carriage, are ſtill cool'd with ſighs.

ANTONIO.

A rich proportion, but I believe (Lady) this is but his common diet, when his chief

Cooks, LIKING, and OPPORTUNITY are out of the way, for when he feaſts indeed 'tis there, where the wiſe people of the world did place the vertues, in the middle (Lady.)

THOMASO.

O Sir, you are peccant, 'tis time I left you.

ANTONIO.

Only a jeſt, or ſo (Lady) I hate obſcenity, as much as any living: be pleaſed, that I may wait upon you home.

THOMASO.

Uſe your pleaſure, Sir.

ANTONIO.

You honour me.

*The Lover angry, to find himself (after all his expence of coyn and time) slighted, and baffled by his Mistress, if he please, may thus vent himself.*

*Mistress;*

THough it hath been my infortunity, a long time to doat upon a painted puppet, and to gaze greedily upon the Devil in Christal, yet I now have found my errour, and have enjoyned my self a strict penance in expiation of my former folly. I now find, that had I had (which God forbid) the fruition of my fooliſh wiſhes, in the enjoying of thee, I had not only purchaſed the execration of Cain, but the Exit of Judas: As I therefore ſhall eſteem my ſelf bound, at leaſt three times a day, to praiſe the name of my maker, for this ſuperlative deliverance, ſo ſhall I hold it my duty (if ſhortly thou ceaſe not to callumniate me behind my back, to thoſe Gentlemen, that are my friends) to fix thy name as an Appendix to my Narration, upon every convenient poſt about this Town, ſo that thy name ſhall be as infamous, as thy nature is impious,

*His own, be thanks Heaven.*

# *A Passionate Courtship,*

In a Complemental

## DIALOGUE.

(Supposed) between LODOVICO and SABRINA.

*LODOVICO.*

REproach not those follies in me (Lady) you your self make me commit. I am reduced to such extremity, that Love himself (stern Tyrant as he is) if he could see, would pitie me.

*SABRINA.*

I understand you not.

*LODOVICO.*

Would heaven you did, for 'tis a pain to tell you, I come t'accuse you of injustice (Lady) you first begot my passion, and were content (at least you seem'd so) it should live, yet since, would ne're contribute unto it, or look upon it, as if you had desired its being for no

no other end, but for the pleasure of its ruin.

*SABRINA.*

Why do you labour thus, to make me guilty of an injury to you, which if it be one, all mankind are alike ingaged, and must have a quarrel to me.

*LODOVICO.*

I have done ill, you chide me justly (Lady) ile lay it not on you, but on my wretched self. For I am taught, that heavenly bodies are not malicious in their influence; but, by the disposition of the subject. They tell me you must marry *Bentivelio*: sure such excellence ought to be the recompence of vertue, not the sacrifice of Parents wisdom, should it not Lady?

*SABRINA.*

'Twould injure me, were it thought otherwise.

*LODOVICO.*

And shall he have you then, is there in mar-

martyrdom no juſter way, but he that holds a finger in the fire, a little time, ſhould have a Crown from them that have endured the flame with conſtancy.

*SABRINA.*

If the diſcovery will eaſe your thoughts (Sir) know *Bentevolio* is the man.

*LODOVICO.*

Then thus, I wrap me in my willow weed, I find my thoughts are ſtrangely captivated, farewel for ever Lady.

*FINIS.*

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